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A SONNET.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

I met thee in the house of God. A year
Upon its wing of darkness had gone by
Since I had parted with thee—yet thine eye
Turned coldly from me. Thrice the burning tear
Sprang wildly upward from my breast, but pride
Quelled the fierce tumult of the gushing tide,
And in the bitterness of calm despair
I gazed upon thy features. Why, oh why
May not the pang of earthly passion die
When all its hopes are perished? Even there,
In the dread temple consecrate to prayer,
My erring spirit breathed too soft a sigh,
And, turning from the mercy-seat above,
Knelt at the dearer shrine of human love.

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BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ORION, THE GOLD-BEATER;" "THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;" "KARMEL, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

THE FAMISHED SAILORS DEMANDING THE LIFE OF BION.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STORM!

On the first day of June the Aldebaran crossed what is generally considered the boundary between the Southern Atlantic and the Indian Oceans. For several days after this the wind was from the south'rd, and blew quite steadily.

"I declare," said Bion, as he stood by Jack's side at the wheel one day, "I should like to see something of a storm. Here we've been at sea so long, and not a storm yet."

"Never you fear," returned Jack, with a nod and a wink. "If you cross this ocean without a blow you'll do more'n I ever done yet. Just you mind that."

That very night, Bion was to have the mid-watch; consequently from eight until midnight he had for sleep. He and Jack turned in as soon as they were relieved from the last day-watch, and were soon asleep. Sometime during the night, Bion was awakened by some peculiar noise on deck, and as sleep did not again overcome him he lay and pondered upon the past. He had been dreaming of Cora Page. He thought she was with him on board the ship, and they were very happy. She told him how sad and lonesome she had been; and they both resolved that they would be separated no more. They were conversing upon this point when the boy awoke!

Thus started, his mind naturally ran over the scenes of the past, and, as was always the case in times of such ponderings, he tried to remember back of the time when he went to live with Margery. Since he had left the presence of the old woman his mind had become freed from much that lumbered it there, and he thought he could see some things which he had been unable to gain before. He remembered the two black girls, and he knew he had lived with and loved them. In connexion with them he remembered his mother. Of her his memory was vivid and reliable. The life-like picture he wore next his bosom served to keep her face before him; and as he had had this to gaze upon ever since his mother died, that memory was complete and sure.

He had succeeded in fixing Lida and Lizzy in his mind—though not clearly by name—and in connection therewith he fixed his mother. Next came Barrabas Lattimore. That he had seen the ugly-looking man with his mother he was sure; but what part he had ever acted he could not imagine. But all this was as nothing in the scale of uneasiness compared with his struggles over the face of that other man whom he was sure he could remember. It was a dark, stern face, and he thought he had felt fear in its presence. But he could make nothing of it, save such as a man may make of a half-forgotten dream. Yet the face was present with him, and he thought he should know it if he should ever see it again. His mother—the two black girls—and the attorney came in regular succession of distinctness; and then came that other face which, when he thought of it, seemed connected with some great calamity!

In this Bion often wondered if he did not dream; but the dark face was too palpable in memory for that, and he only hoped that he might some day see it. He felt sure he should know it.

The boy had just arrived at this point in his thoughts—had just hoped within himself that if the man lived who bore the dark face, he might at some time see him—when a strange movement upon deck attracted his attention. There was a sudden hush of voices—a slow, regular rolling of the ship—and a flapping of the heavy sails as though the wind was gone. At that moment Jack opened his eyes, and raised his head. He remained in a listening attitude a few moments, and then turned to his youthful companion.

"Bion!"

"I'm awake said the boy.

"There's trouble on deck, my lad."

"What is it?"

"Ye can tell that we're becalmed, can't ye?"

"Yes—I can tell that."

"Well—ye'll see what comes next atween now and mornin'. Suppose we go on deck?"

Just as Jack thus spoke a heavy thump was heard overhead, and the voice of the boatswain followed, calling all hands. Bion and Jack were soon up, and the former was at once impressed with a peculiar sensation of danger. There was something in the strange stillness of the dead calm that seemed to herald the storm. It was as though some mighty spirit were silently struggling to free itself for a death-race!

The wind had entirely died away, and the ship now lay like a lifeless mass, rising and falling with the long, lazy swells. Not a star was to be seen and yet it was not wholly dark. There seemed to be a sort of phosphorescent light upon the water and in the atmosphere; but it was a ghastly, deathly glimmer, and the men fancied they could smell a sulphurous odor.

And it was really so. The air was impregnated with a peculiar effluvium that resembled sulphur in smell. Whether it was an exhalation from the sea in phosphorescent particles; or whether it was the electric fluid of the atmosphere in superabundance, could not be determined.

The order was passed for taking in all sail. The courses were double reefed, and then tightly furled, so as to be ready for use in case of need; the topsails were close-reefed, save the main. The topgallant yards were sent down, and the masts housed; and finally, the ship was left with nothing set but fore-storm-staysail and close-reefed main-topsail. Captain Long knew enough of those seas to know that a blow was coming, and he knew how his ship would lie-to best.

Midnight came, but no wind. The off-watch were permitted to go below and turn in; but they were ordered to remain as they were—not to remove any of their clothing; for the commander assured them that they would be almost sure to be wanted before four o'clock.

For three hours after midnight the calm continued, the atmosphere growing all the while more oppressive, and the murky light assuming a more ghastly hue. That strange light produced terror even in the bosom of the oldest seaman. He was not afraid, perhaps, nor did he cower; but there was a feeling of awe in his soul which he could not banish. Many of the crew had never seen such an effect before, but yet the very ghastly appearance was sufficient to inspire them with dread.

At three o'clock this phosphorescent glimmering began to disappear, and a change was felt in the atmosphere. It grew cooler, but not with a refreshing coolness. It was rather a penetrating, shivering chilliness, that produced only a shudder.

"I think we had better call all hands, sir," said Captain Long, addressing his first officer.

"Yes, sir," returned Stowe. "I'm afraid it's coming."

"Aye—and coming with a vengeance. Where do you think it will come from?"

"From the south'rd and west'rd, I imagine," answered the mate, turning his face in that direction. "What do you think?"

"I am of your opinion. It must come from that quarter. You may call all hands, sir."

All hands were called; and when they were on deck the captain stationed them for the work they might have to do.

From three o'clock to four the change in the atmosphere went on gradually, without any wind. The luminous appearance of both air and water was entirely gone at four, and sudden puffs of damp wind began to reach the ship. Bion and Jack stood by the wheel, the latter having been stationed there; while the captain and Mr. Stowe stood just abaft, leaning against the taffrail.

"That means something," said Jack, instinctively grasping the spokes of the wheel more tightly. "D'ye mind it, Bion?"

"Do you mean this puffing?" the boy asked.

"Do ye feel any puffin' now?" queried the helmsman.

"No—it's stopped."

"Aye—so it has. An' that's what I mean, my boy."

The phenomenon to which Jack alluded was this: For some five minutes a continual puffing had been kept up; but suddenly it stopped, and the air was as still as though the ship had been in the centre of the earth.

Jack had just opened his lips to speak again when the Captain quickly uttered an exclamation of caution; and in a moment more a dull, distant sound broke upon the ear of the boy. He knew what was coming, for he instinctively grasped the pinrack by his side, and then bent his ear to listen.

"Every man to his post!" shouted the captain. "Look out for your helm, Jack! Stand by!"

The words were scarcely uttered when a shower of spray was dashed over the deck, and on the next instant the storm broke. The ship was brought to the wind, but it was soon evident that she could not lie so long. The gale howled in its wrath, and the mad waves broke over the bows in drenching showers. The hatches were battened down, and life-lines rove fore and aft. Bion stood by the rail of the mizen-mast, and there he clung. He raised his face to the wind, and as the blast swept on, in its deafening power, he seemed to feel inspired by something far above fear or terror. There was an awful sublimity in the scene, that for awhile overcame all emotions of dread.

The day broke ere long, and then the scene was one of terrible grandeur. As far as the eye could reach the sea was lashed into a fury, and the white foam leaped and plunged in wild sport.

It was soon evident that the ship could lie-to no longer. The sea was becoming high and powerful, and she was in danger of being knocked off at every break.

The order was given for putting the ship before the wind. It was with the utmost difficulty that the captain could make himself heard; but his commands were passed from mouth to mouth, and thus the men got them.

The utmost care was necessary in falling off, but Jack Wallace knew his duty at the helm, and he hauled the wheel as it should be. The vessel was finally before it; and it then became necessary to take in the main-topsail and set the fore, as she had a tendency to broach to under the main, occasioned by the sea at times striking on the quarter.

For an hour, the ship scud in safety. The gale held steady from the south'rd and west'rd, and thus far the close-reefed fore-topsail and storm-staysails were sufficient to keep her out of the way of the heavy seas that came thundering on astern.

At six o'clock, Jack was relieved at the wheel, and then he and Bion went below.

"Will it last a great while?" the boy asked, as they sat down on the chest.

"I can't tell," returned Jack. "Sometimes we can run away from one o' these chaps."

"Run away?" queried Bion.

"Yes."

"But how can you run away from a storm? I thought—a—I——"

"What did you think?"

"Why—I thought when it stormed you couldn't run away from it."

"O—yes. Storms like this don't reach everywhere. Now, I don't s'pose this 'ere chap has got more nor fifty miles ahead of us. I've been chased by a storm for hours. It's only my last voyage—in this very ocean—our old ship fairly ran away from one of the ugliest storm-clouds I ever saw. We cracked on sail till the masts bent like whip-stocks; and when the storm fell, it wa'n't more'n half a mile astern. Howsomever, there aint much danger of our runnin' away from this one. Eh! Glory!"

This last exclamation was occasioned by a sudden pitch of the ship, which sent them both rolling from the chest.

"By the piper, there's mischief here!" the old sailor cried; and as he spoke, he made a dive for the ladder, whither Bion followed.

When they reached the deck, they found a torrent of water just rolling off over the larboard bow, and they had raised the tarpaulin that protected the companion-way just in season to escape the flood. Had it been raised a moment sooner, the water would have knocked them back, and poured into the forecastle.

Jack cast his eyes quickly over the deck, but he could see no damage as yet. He had just started to go aft, holding by one of the life-lines, when an exclamation of alarm broke from his lips.

"*Port yer helm! Port!*" he shouted, at the top of his voice, leaping from his feet, and shaking his hand at the helmsman.

Though his voice did not reach the point for which it was intended, the mighty roar of the gale swallowing it up ere it had gone two yards from his lips, yet the captain saw the danger, and he sprang to the wheel.

But 'twas too late! A huge, mountain sea was coming down upon the larboard quarter. It towered aloft like a huge cliff, overtopping the very masts. Jack saw it—he saw that it must come, for the ship could neither be got out of its way, nor be brought stem-to. He grasped Bion by the waist with his left arm, while with the right he seized the fife-rail, and clung to it with all his might, for too well he knew what was coming.

The men had seen it, and they sprang each to a place of safety. The helmsman had thrown the wheel over, but the movement availed nothing but to give the whole surface of the rudder to the sea.

It came! Aloft it towered, its curling crest lifting far above the peak and the housed mast-head, and its dark blue face of watery wall overlooking the deep chasm at its base. It struck the ship upon the larboard quarter, and as the crashing monster broke, completely enveloping the frail bark; the ship broached-to, and in a moment more she lay upon her beam-ends in the trough of the sea! The huge waves now beat over her without mercy, and as the deck was perpendicular to the surface of the sea, the men could only hang by the rigging, and stand upon the bulwarks or rails!

The men! Alas! where were they? As Jack felt the flood roll away, and knew that the ship had been knocked completely over upon her side, he found a place for his feet against the mast, and then having gained a new hold upon Bion, he gazed around. He looked first towards the stern. His eye swept the whole of the quarter-deck, but not a soul was there? Where, but a minute before, he had seen his captain stand, now stood no one! He looked forward, and he saw some of the men. There were six of them!

"Are any lost?" asked Bion, seeming to forget his own danger, as the meaning of the empty quarter-deck flashed upon him.

"Lost, boy?" uttered Jack, in a tremulous voice. "Oh, my God! have mercy on us! Lost! Look! look! Where are they all? Lost? Yes, Bion—nearly all are gone! They didn't know as much as I did. I would have told 'em, if I could; but 'twas too late! Lost? Aye—and we'll be lost, too, if we can't do something to right the ship!"

Even the boy could understand this. He saw too plainly that in such a driving, heavy sea, the stout ship must soon sink, if she were not righted. But how could it be done? Ah! how? The storm seemed to be increasing in fury, and the seas grew more and more fearful in size and power!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WRECK!—THE LONG-BOAT!

It had so happened that all the officers had been together upon the quarter-deck when the fatal sea broke. The captain had called them for the purpose of deliberating upon the course they should pursue, as it had become evident that the masts would not much longer bear sail enough to keep the ship clear of the following seas. He feared that some of the cargo might yet have to be thrown over, as they were heavily loaded, and signs of heavy working were already apparent. When they saw the sea coming, they had all sprung for the weather quarter-rail, and there gained a hold. This rail had been entirely torn off, and swept away by the sea, and, of course, those who had clung to the frail thing for support were gone, too!

The deck of the Aldebaran was very near flush, the after-cabin being below, and only a long trunk or skylight over it. The quarter-deck, which commenced just abaft the mainmast, was three feet higher than the forward deck, and was reached by a short ladder on each side. It was guarded only by a rail, three and a half feet high, while forward were strong, high bulwarks.

As we said before, the quarter-deck was swept clean. The wheel was carried away, and the trunk over the cabin seemed to be stove in. Forward, the stout bulwarks had proved a protection, and some of the men were saved; but, alas! not many! Only a few short minutes before, there had been forty-one living souls in that ship; and now there were but eight!

The same shock which had called Jack and Bion from the forecastle, had called all hands up from the cabin. Not a man had remained behind! Jack had seen that many of the crew, and all the officers, were there, as he clung to the fife-rail; and he knew now that they were gone!

"Look-ye, Bion," he said, after he had pondered awhile, "I can't stay to hold on to ye any longer; you must hold on for yerself, for I must work. These sticks must be cut off."

"Do you think I am an infant?" asked the boy, somewhat quickly, and with a slight show of resentment. "If you love me, show me something that I can do. You wish to cut the masts away?"

"Yes. We must—and as quick as possible, too."

"Where do you begin?"

"Must cut away on the lee side first, and then all will go clear when we cut away to the windward."

As Jack thus spoke, the boy seized some of the rigging by the mainmast, and soon gained possession of the two axes which hung there in their beckets. One of them he gave to Jack, and the other he kept himself.

"What are *you* goin' to do?" the old sailor asked.

"I'm going to cut away the mizzen-mast," replied Bion, promptly. "Don't say no, for I can work. If the ship goes, we must all go; but if the ship is saved, I shall be saved, and I must help. You can send some of those men to help me if you will."

Thus speaking, Bion seized a life-line, and slid down to the lee bulwarks. There he caught another line, and having gained the quarter-rail, he worked his way along to the mizzen rigging.

It was a strange position, and no one who never experienced it can form an adequate conception of the terrible reality. Imagine the ship upon its side; the deck perpendicular, with the sea beating over it in wild madness. Ever and anon the rail goes under, the water reaching even to the hatchways, and the vessel seeming every moment on the point of turning fairly upside down! In such a time, when the sea is heavy, and the gale strong, and the crew nearly all gone, the only hope is in getting rid of the masts as soon as possible, because no ship, unless she be impervious to water throughout, can remain long afloat under such circumstances.

Bion was in great danger during his passage aft, and he was several times completely under water; but he struggled on, clinging to his axe, and finally reached the mizen rigging, as we have seen. Here, however, his task became more difficult, for the lee lanyards were under water half the time, and so near the stern the sea had more effect. But the little hero did not hesitate. After some trouble, and much danger, he gained a standing place, where he could strike the lanyards as the ship came up from the trough. He plied his axe with a free good will, and at the first attempt he parted two of the lanyards. Then the sea came—the ship went half under—and as she arose again the boy, all dripping from his bath, cut two more of the shrouds clear. These were the last of the shrouds. There were two back-stays, and these he cut at the next rise of the ship.

Bion's next movement was to work his way up to windward. He watched his opportunity, as the ship rolled, to reach the stanchions of the mizzen rail, and by these he pulled himself up. As he gained the mast he saw two of the men coming aft, working along under the weather rail, and they reached the rigging of the mizzen just as he did. It was easier to cut away the remaining shrouds and back-stays, and while the boy cleared the running rigging the men plied the axes.

In a short time the three masts were gone, and the ship was now left a bare hulk. The men gathered near the stump of the mainmast, and there waited for the ship to right. And they did not have to wait long.

"If we'd left the mizzen hangin' by one o' the lee shrouds," said Jack Wallace, "it might 'a' brought her 'round so 't the wind would 'a' lifted her."

He had scarcely uttered the last word when the hulk was lifted upon the bosom of a huge sea, and when she came down she came right side up! There was hope for a little while. They could once more stand upon the deck by holding on upon the life-lines, though they dared not trust themselves a moment without a firm hold for the hands. Of course the ship was now in the trough of the sea, and as the gale still continued it was necessary to get her before the wind if possible, or bring her to it. At all events, the men knew that she could not live long thus. If she lay in the trough much longer, with her broadside exposed to every sea, she must soon break! Jack Wallace was the most experienced seaman of the party, and he was requested to take command.

It was a dubious work. The hulk was be'ng driven broadside on—now completely under—anon atop of a mighty sea, where the eye could sweep the whole surrounding scene of awful convulson—and presently down—down—down, into

the dark chasm, where, perhaps, a breaking sea would totally engulf her, and for some moments there were well founded doubts as to her rising again. But she still shook the mighty load of water off, and brought her small burden of humanity once more up into the roaring wind. It was with the utmost difficulty that the men could now make themselves understood unless the lip that spoke and the ear that heard were very near together, for the wind and the sea, in their mad war, sent forth such howls as deadly monsters might utter in frenzy of battle!

Jack selected a spare main-topsail-yard, and asked the men if they thought they could get it over the side. They said they could, and he at once proceeded to rig it for his purpose. He would have preferred the topmast, but he knew they could not get it over. A broad span was put upon the spar, and to this was attached a hawser from the bows. Then a spring from aft was made fast, and the yard lifted over the side. As it floated away; or rather as the ship floated away from it, the influence was quickly perceptible, as the bows slowly turned towards the wind.

There was hope again but only for a short time. The heavy seas brought the spar home so often that finally its influence was not felt half the time; and the consequence was, that they were driven off into the trough as before.

"We can do nothing more!" said Jack, as he saw how the sea brought his spar home.

"I know of nothing," returned Nat Anderson.

And there was nothing. They might have got out another spar, but it could be of no use. The mountain seas would send a mast home to the ship as quickly as it would a yard. All they could do was, to look well to the hatches, and try the pumps. The brakes were shipped, but not much water was found in the well.

Thus matters rested until noon, and then the gale began to abate; and by one o'clock the wind was down to a fair breeze. The storm had passed away, almost as rapidly as it came. The sea still rose and fell in long, heavy swells, but their fearful power was gone, and they now only lifted and lowered the hard used hulk.

By dark the wind had come out from the west'rd, light and pleasant, and the sea was calm, the lazy swells being long and low, and only giving to the ship a swaying motion not at all disagreeable. As all hands were worn and fatigued by the work and excitement of the day, they concluded not to rig a jury-mast until morning.

Jack went down into the cabin to see if he could find any one there; but the place was tenantless! All had gone up on the first shock of the overreaching seas. He and his little party—eight souls—were all.

Having got some supper the men got out a spare main-topmast, and did something towards rigging for a jury-mast. The hawsers were cut to the right lengths, and the rigging all prepared. They divided themselves into two watches, of four each, Bion being now counted a man. Said Nat Anderson, who took charge of one watch,—

"I'd as lief have Bion Bernard as any man here where we only want keen sight and a brave heart. I tell ye, he's proved himself to-day a better man than one half that gets seaman's wages."

"Don't blush, my boy," said Jack, gazing proudly into the face of his protege. "You know you're true and brave. I'll never look upon ye again but I'll think how much of a man ye be. Why—when I see ye a goin' aft in the storm, with the heavy axe in one hand, and only t'other to hold yerself with, I was kind o' skeery like; and when I seed ye go under the sea—all under—my heart gave a jump as made it ache. But when I seed ye go down—down,—and then come up, and blow, and poke on,—then down again half a fathom under the sea—and then up and blow again, like a young porpoise—and yet pushin' bravely on without even lookin' back, I lost all my fear, and for awhile forgot my own work for clear wonderment at yer bravery. I tell ye, my boy, there's many a stout man as couldn't have done that if they'd 'a' tried—men who would like to do it, and who had stout arms enough; but whose hearts wouldn't have held out. Give us yer hand, my noble boy.——There!—Come storm—come sunshine; come wreck—come safety; come life—or come death—old Jack Wallace sticks to ye till the last gun is fired, and the last plank swept away!"

In a spirit of generous enthusiasm the men joined in the meed of praise, and in the pledge of succor; though both Jack and Bion well knew that there were men among them who were not to be depended upon at all times alike.

On the following morning all hands were called as soon as it was fairly light, and they went at work upon the jury-mast. Jack was strapping on a heavy block, and wanted a piece of lanyard stuff. There was some hanging by the main chains, and Bion was sent to get it. He went, and after he had got the lanyard he gazed down upon the water.

"Why," he uttered, with a show of wonder, "*the water is rising!*"

Jack was the only one who understood what the boy had said, and even he did not at first comprehend its meaning. But as the words sounded through his mind a second time he started, and a quick quivering of the muscles about the lips was perceptible.

"*Rising?*" he repeated, laying down the block.

"Yes," said Bion, who had heard his remark. "It's a good deal higher than it was an hour ago."

"Rising?" whispered the old sailor, hurrying to the rail. He looked over and a quick cry of alarm broke from his lips.

"Oh! my God!" he gasped. "*We are sinking!*"

The other men dropped their work and leaped to the rail, and they saw it all in a moment.

"How can it be?" cried Nat. "The well was empty last night."

"I know," returned Jack. "But some strain has been given, and the working of the cargo has opened the seam in the night. But we must find the leak if we can. Off with the hatches!"

The hatches were thrown off, and the men went into the hold. Down between the boxes and bales they could see the water, and from the loud, gurgling sound they knew it was coming in rapidly. Jack pondered for some moments earnestly. He was perfectly sure that the water was coming in very rapidly, and that to touch the pumps would be mere nonsense. As near as he could judge a number of seams were opened. The timbers and planking had been strained by the storm while she was on her beam-ends, and during the night the lateral pressure of the cargo had pried them apart.

"Look ye, boys!" the old salt cried, after due deliberation, "there is but one thing left for us. I know there's a dozen big seams opened, so that we can neither stop them, nor pump her out. We must take to the boat! And we must be in a hurry, too; for I tell ye the water's comin' in fast. Now bear a hand and get the long-boat over as soon as we can."

The stern-boat had been thoroughly smashed up, but the long-boat, which was stowed amidships, was in good order. The boat was heavy, but the case was an urgent one, and they soon had her over the side.

"Now," said Jack, turning to Nat, "do you take your watch and get all the bread and water you can raise. Mind that you get it all. I will see to everything else."

All hands went at the work with a will. Jack first saw that the boat's rigging—mast, sails, oars, and bailing-tub, were on board, and then he went after the other things. He took both compasses; the charts; navigator; all the nautical instruments, barometer, &c.; and then he turned his attention to spare rigging, canvas, yarns, tarpaulins, carpenter's tools, medicine-chest, and, in short, everything which could be of any use, and which could be carried, he took to the boat.

Bion went down into the forecastle, and he found his chest afloat; but he managed to get it and get out some spare clothing both for himself and for Jack, the latter having, at the boy's request, kept some of his best clothes in there. He took a few books, his ink, pens, and paper,—and then hurried back to the boat. Jack thanked him for his kindness in having remembered his clothes, and then let him down into the frail craft that was to bear them away.

Three breakers of water were all they could find, and of bread they had obtained only two bags. Each breaker contained only eight gallons, and each of the bags held from twenty-five to thirty pounds of bread.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Jack, in alarm, "is that all ye can find?"

"Every drop!" returned Nat. "This water was brought up night afore last, and this bread was in the mess. The bread-room is entirely under water, and you know the breakers and tanks are below the cargo!"

It was too true! Those were all the breakers that had been filled, the water being in large iron tanks next to the kelson, from whence it had been pumped as it was wanted. The bread-room was forward, next to the forecastle bulkhead, and was now some feet under water!

They could do nothing more. The sea was already even with the scuppers, and as the water began to pour in there the ship would soon go. Jack Wallace saw all over but himself,—then he cast a quick look around to see if there was anything he had forgotten,—and then he leaped upon the rail and took his place in the stern sheets of the boat.

They had been in time, but with not a minute to spare, for, even as they shoved off, the ship gave a lurch forward, and staggered like a drunken man. Then she lifted her bows slightly up—remained so a moment—then another lurch forward—the broad bows went under—the huge mass struggled as though with pain—and in a moment more she went down, and the waters of the sea closed over her forever!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FATAL HOUR!

The first thoughts of the crew of the long-boat, after seeing the last of their noble ship, were of a reflective character. Even little Teddy McGrath, who had never before been seen to burden himself with serious thought, save in the face of direct danger, became meditative even to sadness. It was a peculiar position, and one calculated to excite the most serious thought. Eight human beings in a common boat, far away upon a great ocean, where storms and tempests were liable to fall upon them at any hour.

Bion did not fully realize the dangers to which they were exposed. Jack Wallace was by his side, and as he leaned upon the arm of the stout friend he felt safe. But Jack himself had a fear which none of the others at that time felt. As he gazed upon the bread-bags and water-breakers, a cold shudder crept through his frame. Would they last until they reached shore? He feared not. And what then? Ah—'twas not starvation, nor yet of thirst, that flashed darkly and painfully upon the noble fellow's mind. Oh, no! 'Twas something a thousand times worse! But he kept his thoughts to himself, and determined to make the provisions go as far as possible.

The first work done was to determine as near as possible where they were. Jack could work a reckoning as well as any other man, for it had been one of the chief aims of his later years to instruct himself in that particular. He and Nat Anderson took the chart, and on it they found the course of the ship, marked with a pencil by the captain up to the time of the storm. From this they reckoned until they got as near as they could, and then they waited until noon.

Aaron Rolfe was a small man, not over six or seven-and-twenty, and was the best practical navigator in the company, being very well educated, and having sailed one voyage as second mate. He might have been an officer still, only for two faults. He would get drunk whenever he had opportunity, and his disposition was not good.

Bill Simonds was a stout, burly fellow; dark and rough; selfish in disposition; but a good able seaman. He was over thirty.

Peter Barbour was a large, fleshy, easy fellow; and could be anything or nothing, though naturally there was little of him save bulk of body and appetite. He was about thirty, and an ordinary seaman.

Mike Heany was a tall, muscular man, naturally good humored, but very quick tempered, and always ready for a fight. He stood over six feet in height, but was far from being heavy.

Teddy McGrath was a little dump of a fellow, always good-natured when not provoked, and even able to fight and laugh at the same time. He and Heany were Irish, as their names would indicate.

Jack, Bion, and Nat Anderson the reader already knows; and these made up the crew of the boat.

At noon Rolfe took one quadrant and Jack the other, and they succeeded in getting a good observation, and upon working it out they found their latitude to be twenty-two degrees and fourteen minutes South, while their longitude they judged to be not far from the sixty-second degree East. Thus they were over twelve hundred miles from the coast of Madagascar, which bore West from them, and some hundreds from Bourbon Islands. After ample consideration it was decided that the course should be due West for the present, as thus they hoped to strike either Bourbon or Mauritius.

After this the watches were set, the division remaining the same as on board the ship. Jack Wallace took charge of the starboard watch, with Bion Bernard, Nat Anderson, and Bill Simonds. Nat had chosen not to take a watch, since Rolfe was the best navigator; so he took the latter's place with Jack, and let him take the larboard watch, with Barbour, Heany, and McGrath.

Thus were matters arranged for the dubious cruise, and as a sort of mutual protection each man took an oath to do his duty truly and faithfully while he had the strength, and in all things to be governed by the orders of Jack Wallace,—Jack, in turn, pledging himself, in case of question, to be governed by the majority.

For four days the wind held steady and favorable, and during most of the time the boat ran off from four to five knots an hour. And during these four days they had eaten one bag of bread, and drank just half of their water,—each man having eaten about a pound of bread per day, and drank a pint and a half of water; and this was considered by them to be a small allowance. The very thought that the supply of water was limited made them thirsty.

Did the reader ever find himself on an allowance of water? If he has, then he knows how his mind dwelt continually upon that one point, and how the tongue became parched and dry from fear of coming thirst. He will remember how the draught, which at another time would have been all-sufficient to quench his thirst, then only cooled the excited glands for a while, and was soon forgotten in the painful desire for "more."

The log showed that they had run four hundred miles. By this time they should have reached Bourbon or Mauritius. Should they miss them—should they have to run to the coast of Madagascar—surely their provisions would not hold out!

"Haven't we sailed far enough to reach Mauritius yet?" asked Nat Anderson.

"I'm afeared we have," replied Jack. "But we may have made a mistake. I'm afeared we'd ought to have steered a leetle to the north'rd o' west. What do you say, Rolfe?"

"That's my opinion, exactly; and I thought so at the time," returned the man addressed.

"Thought so?" uttered Jack, in surprise. "Why—ye didn't say anything."

"I saw that you thought you were right, and I didn't want to interfere."

"Now, look ye, Aaron Rolfe: That aren't fair. You know I can do my duty as a seaman anywhere; and that when I took command here I did because ye all said so. If you thought I was wrong then you were ten times as wrong not to say so."

"Gammon!" cried Teddy, half earnestly, and half in jest. "Ye didn't think o' no sich thing, ye ould wather-rat, ye. Ef ye'd 'a' thought uv it ye'd 'a' let it out mighty quick, an' so ye would."

"That's a fact," added Heany. "He niver thought no sich thing."

"Do ye mean to say I lie?" cried Rolfe, starting up.

"Hold on! Avast there!" commanded Jack, in a bold, authoritative tone. "We can't afford to quarrel now. The Lord knows we've got sorrow enough afore us without cookin' up any more. If ye thought we were steerin' wrong, Aaron Rolfe, ye were wrong yerself not to tell of it. You know that, an' we all know it. Now rest easy."

Rolfe saw that no one sympathized with him; and saw, too, that Jack had the firm support of the rest of the crew; so, with a half-muttered curse, and something about keeping his opinions to himself, he sat down. The men knew his disposition well, and they took no further notice of him.

After this, Jack asked the crew what they thought of running to the northward a spell. Said he—

"We know we have run four hundred miles, and I don't believe we were any further east o' Bourbon than that when we took to the boat. But I'm sure we've run to the south'rd of the island. We can't reach Madagascar without help. If we turn to the north'rd, we may find land to-morrow. What say ye?"

"I say, do it," answered Nat.

"So do I." "And I." "And I, too."

"What say you, Aaron?" asked Jack, turning to Rolfe, and speaking kindly.

"My opinion's good for nothing," the man returned, moodily.

"Yes, 'tis. You know 'tis. Your opinion is worth a good deal, and I want it, Come—what's the use, Aaron, in bein' put out? Now what d'ye say about our course?"

Rolfe finally said that he thought they'd better keep away to the northward.

The helm was accordingly put up, the sheets eased off, and away the boat went upon her new track.

The day passed away, and when night came again, it was arranged that a strict lookout should be kept. But the morning sun arose upon the boundless ocean, and nothing was to be seen but the vast expanse of water! All that day the men kept their eyes strained by turns; and the sun went down again, and left them all alone!

On the day following, the rations of bread and water were made smaller. They had broached the last breaker, and the last bread-bag had grown alarmingly lean and lank!

At noon, an observation was taken, and they found themselves north of the latitude of the islands.

"What shall we do?" asked Jack uneasily.

"What *can* we do?" returned Rolfe.

"Head to the west'rd again, and run," said Jack. "We may fall in with a ship of some kind from the coast of Madagascar. At all events, we must run, or die. To try to find the islands any more, is only madness. We must put our nose to the west'rd, keep a sharp lookout, and run as fast as we can. I can think of nothing better."

"Nor can I," returned Rolfe, whose fears now made him rather calm and reasonable.

The boat's head was put W.N.W., and then the crew gave themselves the task of watching the horizon. The day passed, and the morning of another day dawned. Jack was just opening the bag to serve out the bread for morning, when Mike, who stood up by the foremast, shouted forth the magic words—

"*Sail, ho!*"

In an instant, all hands were upon their feet, and the sail was distinctly made out upon the larboard quarter. Jack opened his glass, and found her to be a ship under full sail, and standing to the eastward. He could see her topgallant-sails, and the head of the maintop-sail. She had passed them at some distance during the night.

It was the immediate decision of all hands to give chase; but the chances of attracting the notice of any of the ship's crew were slim. She was almost dead to windward, the breeze coming from the southward and eastward, and seemed to be stationary to the northward and eastward, with the wind very near abeam.

The occupants of the boat made all the signals they could think of. A musket was fired several times, and the old ensign was run up to the mast-head; but, alas! there was no hope!

"Her tops'l 's down!" uttered Jack, in a dejected tone, as he gazed through his glass. "And her mizzen top-gallant-s'l 's goin' as fast as it can. She's a runnin' off ten knots, at least!"

In ten minutes more the ship presented only a white speck upon the distant horizon, from which the slant beams of the morning sun were reflected for awhile, and then the eye rested upon the unbroken surface of the ocean as before.

This was a sad blow. For a few moments the hopes of the ill-fated men had been fanned into a bright flame, and now that they were all crushed their hearts sank lower than before.

When the first enervating effects of the disappointment had passed away, Jack proceeded to deliver the bread. He gave one biscuit to each man, and then asked them if they would get along on that. But the majority said *no*.

"Can't do it nohow!" said Barbour, the huge-bodied man. "If we've got to starve let's starve as we ought to, and not to do it while we've got provisions."

Simonds seconded his opinion, and Heany and Ralph followed. So Jack was forced to serve out half a biscuit more to each man. Then he gave them their morning's allowance of water—half a pint each—and as he poured out the last measure the breaker had to be tipped well over!

On the morning of the tenth day the sun arose upon faint and weary men. They had not slept through the night. They knew that the breaker only contained one quart of water! Should they sleep it might be stolen! Bion alone had trusted his fellows. He had slept, though terrible dreams were with him continually.

Jack drew forth the bread-bag, and there were nine biscuit! Each man took one, and Rolfe proposed that they should draw lots for the remaining one. But Jack did not listen. He took his sheath-knife and broke the ninth loaf into eight pieces, so all fared alike.

The water was then poured out into one measure, and found to fill just enough to give a gill to each man. The gill-cup was produced, and the precious beverage given out. The last measure fell short a very little, but Bion took it without a murmur. He even offered Jack a part of what he did get, but the old sailor of course refused it.

And now the dreaded hour had come!—the hour which Jack had feared from the first. Should they fall in with any ship? They were two hundred miles from land, at least; for the winds had been light and baffling during the last eight-and-forty hours—so much so that they had not averaged a run of over two nots an hour! All eyes were kept open during the forenoon, but as the sun turned towards the west the off-watch lay down to sleep.

Night came without succor. No dew fell, and the parched tongues gained no relief. The morning dawned upon a wild and haggard crew! As Jack gazed around upon them he fervently prayed that either succor or death might come at once! If there could be no shore and no ships, he prayed that the storm-demon might come and swallow them up.

During the forenoon, glaring eyes were turned upon Bion Bernard! Jack saw them, and he knew their horrible meaning. So the boy saw them, but he dreamed not of their deep significance! The old sailor contrived to place him behind himself, and he resolved that death alone should close his eyes until the danger was passed.

The day wore slowly away, amid howls, and groans, and curses of the deepest, bitterest intent! The poor boy was shocked, and, as the howls grew more fierce and fearful, he clung more closely to his protector.

The men sat with their mouths wide open, to gain the cool air upon their tongues; their breathing had become hard and laborious, and the worst of febrile symptoms were manifest. Some of them in their frenzy, swallowed large draughts of sea-water, and, as a natural result, became worse than before. The wind died wholly away as the sun went down, and a gentle dew began to fall. The men noticed it quickly, and began to lick everything within reach.

All night long, the agony was manifested by howls, and curses, and groans, the dew amounting to but little more than imperceptible moisture. When the sun arose again, the breeze had freshened, but the men noticed it not. They were beyond the power of calculating winds and courses. The dreadful agony could be sustained no longer!

The hour had come! Like demons the maddened men glared upon each other. They knew that life could not be sustained through another day without food and drink. There was no sign of help in sight—they must take such as they could get!

Bill Simonds staggered to his feet, and drew his knife.

"We wont die!" he gasped, through his parched and thickly furred lips. "We mustn't all die! *Let the boy die!*"

"Aye! *Let the boy die!*" cried three others, in hoarse and horrid accents.

With a low, wild cry, Bion threw himself upon Jack's bosom, and shrieked aloud for mercy!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

"BOILED IN OIL;"

OR,

HELEN HETHERTON'S WEDDING.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

"No, but did she really?"

"It's as true as gospel—she was seen speaking to him on the street, at eight o'clock in the evening."

"Oh, horrible!"

"And that isn't all, either. She took his arm, and he went home with her, and staid till ten o'clock."

"What *will* his wife say?"

"Sure enough! I know if it was my case, I'd tear every spear of hair out of his head! To think that a woman like her——"

"H-u-s-h! Here she comes!"

The speakers, Mrs. Gill and Mrs. Dane—two of the greatest scandal-mongers of Lenteith, held their tongues and exchanged glances, as a young and pleasant-faced lady came tripping up the steps of the store where they were talking. She noticed them with a cool bow, for Carrie Stanley knew their characters well, and despised them accordingly. But they were not to be so easily put off with their errand of mischief, and when she emerged from the store, with her hands full of mysterious little packages, she found them waiting for her still.

Mrs. Dane, whose vinegar-like aspect and sharp shrewish voice were ten degrees more unpleasant than ever, addressed her first.

"My dear Mrs. Stanley, I have something very important to say to you. Won't you stop a moment?"

"Grant me patience!" thought Carrie, but she was too polite to say so, and turning toward the speaker, said, briefly—

"Well, I am ready to hear it."

"Do you know where your husband was last evening?" asked Mrs. Dane, with a face of mysterious import.

"Yes, madam. He was at home, *attending to his own business*," was the sarcastic reply.

"Wrong for once," chuckled the sagacious Mrs. Gill. "He was sitting in Miss Hetherton's parlor till after ten o'clock, and I presume there was more going on than either you or I have any idea of."

"That can hardly be possible, Mrs. Gill," said Carrie, with a smile; "for my husband and I have often wondered how you and Mrs. Dane can find out everything that takes place here, even before it is done. You must spend a great deal of time in the search—don't it ever tire you?"

This speech was made with the most exasperatingly innocent air imaginable. But the shot took effect, and Mrs. Gill muttered something indistinctly, and took refuge behind the slab-sided proportions of Mrs. Dane.

"And so my husband is really getting naughty," proceeded the blue-eyed Carrie, turning to the other woman. "Dear me, what is to be done, Mrs. Dane?"

"Done?" snapped the weazen-faced lady, with a savage shutting of her teeth. "Turn Miss Hetherton out of town—that is what ought to be done."

"How very strange that you two folks love each other so well," said Carrie, with a laughing light in her eyes. "Why, it is only the other day she was talking about you, Mrs. Dane, and she said you ought to be boiled in oil—that it was the only way to make a decent member of society of you."

"*Boiled in oil!*"

The two worthies held up their hands, and fell back with a gasp of horror that made Carrie laugh till she choked.

"I know it was rather a singular wish," she added, maliciously, "but, then, there is no accounting for tastes, as the old lady said when she kissed her cow. However, Mrs. Dane, I must say I'm very much obliged to you for the information you have given me. Just you come up to my house to-morrow evening, both of you, at half past seven. I'll have Miss Hetherton there, and you see if I don't give her something to make her remember that evening by, as long as she lives. Will you come?"

"Yes—yes," they answered in a breath.

"All right. Mind and be punctual, and above all, don't let a single soul know anything about it. Remember that."

Carrie stuffed her handkerchief into her pretty mouth, and hurried away, shaking her plump sides over her projected plan; and the two tale-bearers, after looking a moment at each other, and ejaculating, severely, "Boiled in Oil," descended the steps of the store, and went together towards their homes, secretly rejoicing at the public disgrace which was about to fall upon the head of the audacious Helen Hetherton.

Lenteith was a little country village, with one tavern, one store, one meeting-house, and a blacksmith's shop. Plenty of shoe shops were scattered up and down the single street, where the men (?) might congregate to talk scandal, and make remarks about the passers-by; plenty of women, young and old, were ready to sally forth at any time from the wooden houses, with their aprons thrown over their heads, to rehearse some choice lie which had just been fabricated by one of their number. If you sneezed on one of the mountains twenty miles this side of Lenteith, every one who lived in the place could swear he heard you before nightfall. With some few exceptions, a set of prying, malicious, impertinent liars and busy-bodies made up the population and the place, and busied themselves in attending to other persons' affairs, and in rearing up another generation exactly as bad, if not worse, than themselves.

Mrs. Dane and Mrs. Gill, with a few bosom friends, who tried hard to be their exact counterparts, and did not bungle very badly at the business, led off this precious swarm. They were first and foremost in all mischief, and as much to be dreaded as the approach of a pestilence. Every one despised them—every one hated them—yet, almost every one feared them. Carrie Stanley, and a clique of her friends, who were the only refined people in the place, were notable exceptions to the general rule, and rarely let a chance escape for harrassing, frightening, or shocking them in some way, by their malicious carelessness.

Carrie's handsome parlors were crammed to their utmost capacity on the eventful Thursday night. Every one present had received a special and secret invitation—every one knew that something was to be done to Helen Hetherton, whose crimes were, that she was rich, and attended steadily to her affairs, only laughing at their frantic attempts at assisting her in the undertaking—and every one was on the *qui vive* when the parlor doors were thrown open, and a party entered that made them stare with amazement.

Foremost walked the worthy minister of the village, with his prayer-book and bible in his hand. After him came Carrie, dressed in white, and looking mischievously around, as she leaned upon her husband's arm; then a long array of ladies and gentlemen, magnificently dressed, and evidently from the city; then Carrie's friends who resided in Lenteith; and last, *not* least, the culprit, Helen Hetherton, dressed in white satin, with orange flowers in her hair, and leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, who was the exact counterpart of Dr. Stanley, in form and features, air and manner. The wondering villagers stared, rubbed their eyes, and nudged each other—but before they were half over with their mute wonder, the gaily-dressed crowd had managed to secure a place in the centre of the room, and the minister, opening his book, began the words of the solemn and beautiful service which was to unite two fond and loving hearts in one.

When once the congratulations were over, Carrie stepped up to the fair bride, and clasped a bracelet of jewels upon her arm. Then turning to the company, she said, sarcastically:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I assured you if you would come to-night, I would give Miss Hetherton something she would never forget. I have done so. Not only the little trinket I just clasped upon her arm, but the love and respect of myself and my husband; the admiration of those friends; and the life-long love and devotion of her husband—*the twin brother of Dr. Stanley*—who was vile enough to visit his betrothed wife night before last, and stay till ten o'clock, as Mrs. Dane and Mrs. Gill informed me. Ladies and gentlemen, we all hope that you may be a little more successful the next time you try to make mischief, and have the honor to wish you a very good evening."

She bowed coldly, took her husband's arm, and led the way out, followed by the bridal party, who watched the crest-fallen villagers with amused faces as they passed out.

"Sold! sold! Most abominably sold!"

That was the murmur that began to circulate around the crowded rooms, and out they rushed, burning with shame and rage, while the bridal party were sitting merrily together over a splendid supper in the rooms above.

It is as much as your life is worth to allude to Helen Hetherton's wedding in Lenteith, or to give the unfortunate Mrs. Dane the slightest hint about being *boiled in oil*.

WIT.—Wit is the lightning of the mind, reason the sunshine, and reflection the moonlight; for as the bright orb of the night owes its lustre to the sun, so does reflection owe its existence to reason.

WEAK MEN.—A weak man will sustain afflictions that destroy a strong one, as the willow which yields its pliant branches to the blast escapes the destruction of the oak that resists it.

MY SPIRIT'S HOME.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

'Tis a gigantic ruin, wild and lonely,
Yet glorious in its grandeur's dark decay—
A waste of misty splendor lighted only
By ancient lamps that burn with glimmering ray;
Yet there are halls as yet unspoiled, unfading
Halls with gold, crimson, and proud purple hung,
And through the richness of their solemn shading,
From colored windows dreamy light is flung.

I can gaze westward on the setting splendor
Of suns that rise not nor show mid-day rays;
Or glance above at stars that, bright yet tender,
Smile sweetly through a soft and silent haze.
Yet, though the skies are darkly blue there, never
That wide, mysterious landscape knows the night,
And though the stars are shining there forever,
Their beams melt through the dimness of twilight.

There many lovely birds of sweetest singing,
That seem like wanderers from the groves of heaven,
Through fadeless flowers and woods their flight are winging,
While far in day's cold world black storms are driven.
And through the twilight and the starlight blending,
A music, echoed from the angel choir,
Sighs soft; and forms of marble magic lending
A classic charm, wake all the bosom's fire.

Heroes and Bards through each enchanted portal
Wander with silent step and solemn air;
And eyes lit by a glory all immortal
Shed their wild light around the splendor there.
Heroes and Bards! whose names gild song and story,
Whose spirits haunt the soft south's ancient fanes,
And lend to northern lands a sterner glory—
All these are found in those unstormy plains.

And in the halls where canvassed charms are glowing,
There is a picture—with a misty veil
Flung half around its beauty, and yet showing
A face carved like a Grecian god's, and pale,
Too, as the marble. Glory there is dreaming
In poet eyes, whose light I loved in heaven!
Yet voiceless is the lip—my idol seeming
As he would speak, were language only given

A NEWPORT FLIRTATION.

BY ALICE CARY.

A slight flirtation came under my observation lately, and believing it may interest my readers of the LEDGER, (for who is not interested in such affairs?) I propose to relate the facts, part of which I saw, and all of which I believe.

About the middle of the June which is just dead of a protracted chill, I took passage one day on the fine steamer "Metropolitan," for Newport. The sun went down splendidly, and the clouds, blushing red for their audacity, went after him clear into the bosom of the monstrous deep. Of course the grand picture brought everybody on deck—amongst the rest the young lady who is to be the pointed object of interest in this little episode.

"Look over your left shoulder," said a low voice at my elbow.

I turned and saw a young woman of my acquaintance, who had kept the tenor of her way along the cool sequestered vale of life, up to somewhere within the neighborhood of thirty-five! I will call her here Miss Louisa Look-about.

"Going to Newport?" was her first inquiry, as we shook hands.

"Yes. Are you bound for the same haven?"

"Ay, you know I like to look about, and see what I can see," and Miss Louisa removed her traveling hat, which she fancied was unbecomingly plain, and tied down her curls in rather a coquettish fashion with her veil.

"How am I looking?" she whispered, very anxiously, I thought, in view of the circumstances, for there were six or seven hundred people aboard, intent upon their own affairs apparently, and I could not feel that she could reasonably expect to be the specially observed, even of observers.

When her apprehensions concerning the effect of the veil had been somewhat quieted, she whispered again—

"Why don't you look to your left?"

I did look to the left—up and down the sky, and across and across the water—from the great ships that go down to the deep, down to the small fishing-crafts and row-boats, my eye ran inquisitively, and came to my companion with a blank expression, I am afraid, for she said, pettishly—

"How stupid! Do you suppose I am ridiculous enough to be gazing at a mass of clouds or water, which I care nothing about, when Captain B—— is standing within five yards of us? Isn't he handsome? Do you know him, or know anybody who does?"

I was obliged to reply in the negative. Louisa was slightly discomfited, and leaned her head on her hand for a moment, keeping the captain within range of her glance.

"He really is very handsome!" she repeated, directly. "I must manage it in some way."

I now gave the gentleman a more scrutinizing survey, but failed to discover anything remarkably interesting or attractive.

"Don't you think his head like Webster's?" she continued.

I was obliged to say that I could not discover the likeness.

"Dear me! where is your judgment?"

"Why, not wool-gathering with yours, certainly."

"Nonsense! I never allow my head to be turned, nor my judgment to be warpt; but women are always spiteful with me—I am used to it."

For the life of me I could see no cause for spite toward my friend, but made the soft answer that turneth away wrath, and she went on—

"Beautiful hair! Quite gray over the temples. I should think he must be forty, at least."

"Yes, I should think so."

"Fine eyes, too."

They were not fine in color or expression, but, not daring to say so, I smiled responsively, and she went on—

"Just the height I admire!"

I smiled again.

"And oh! what dear little hands and feet!"

She caught at my cloak as she spoke, in an extacy of enthusiasm, which came near playing havoc with that useful garment.

"The work of a fever and the delirium of a dream," I said, sarcastically, for when I saw the clumsy objects referred to as beautiful, it surpassed my ability to feign any longer. Fortunately Louisa did not hear my remark—her attention was absorbed by an all-engrossing object of interest—the captain had taken up his hat while I was speaking, and lo! the significant shrouding of crape had called up a vision that extinguished every reasonable probability, and carried the imaginative Miss Look-about into the realm of matrimonial felicity—the concluding words of my quotation had fallen upon thin air, and where a moment past Louisa had been sitting in all her bloom and beauty, there remained nothing but an unsightly wooden stool.

I heard her voice, however, in its sweetest modulations, and gathering up my bewildered senses I became aware that Louisa was shaking hands with, and making herself known to the eligible Captain B——. The glory of the sunset was gone—the clouds were taking black ugly shapes low along the water—the wind was blowing sharply, and the spray now and then dashing over the deck. But Louisa was becoming suddenly enamored of the prospect. She enjoyed a stiff breeze and rough waves!

Perhaps she was afraid of the night air—the captain suggested; many ladies were, though he confessed he knew not how to sympathize with them.

O, no; Miss Look-about was not afraid of the night air, nor, in fact, afraid of anything—how could she be under such protection? If it would not be troubling the captain too much, she would like to remain a long, long time—the close air of the cabin was stifling—the state rooms horrible, and besides it was so delightful to have the points of interest designated by one whose mind was so rich in reminiscence.

When I went below she had struck an attitude, and was ostensibly doing homage to a breaker—I think, however, she was in her heart bowing down to the image which her imagination had set up.

When supper was announced she swept the long defiles, on the arm of Captain B——, radiant with the look of victory, and that ceremony having been concluded, she went back to the contemplation of the magnificent panorama of sea and sky, as she expressed it; bestowing on me, as she passed, a look in which pity for me somewhat softened her expression of triumph. At two o'clock we found ourselves sheltering in the quiet waters of Newport harbor.

Remembering that those, to *lone women*, peculiar tribulations of getting ashore, calling a carriage, and the like, were before us, I made the proffer of aid and comfort to Miss Look-about. She declined with the air of a princess—she was provided for.

It happened that we selected the same hotel. Of course Miss Look-about saw everything—including "Fort Adams," "Castle Hill," "Spouting Rock," "State House and Parade," "Smart's Picture of Washington," "Purgatory," "Old Stone Mill," "Redwood Library," "Jewish Cemetery," "The Dumplings," "South Touro Street," and everything else; and of course she was accompanied in these excursions by the gallant and handsome captain. There was no end to the mosses, seaweeds, white pebbles, and other treasures he gathered for her. About the third day after our arrival, she assumed a modest and retiring demeanor befitting one who had made a conquest, and was seriously disposed—in fact, inclined to pensive musings, bordering on misgivings.

She even gave me a rose from a beautiful bouquet of flowers presented her by Captain B——; offered me an introduction, with the addenda that for her sake she hoped I would try to like him a little.

This proposal led to some reference to her own introduction, and I learned that she had artfully paved the way by an apology, including the assertion that everybody knew Captain B——, and that she, seeing and recognizing him, could not deny herself the pleasure of shaking hands. "And so much being accomplished," said Miss Look-about, "it was easy to make him understand that I was traveling alone, and to elicit from him the offer of care and protection." Of course Captain B—— was rich—everybody said he was, and then Miss Look-about knew it just because she did! He was a widower"—what else could the crape on his hat mean?"

Our conversation was interrupted at this juncture by a servant with a message from Captain B——; he would like to see Miss Look-about for a few [illegible] but on second thoughts demurred. She was herself inclined to recall the servant and return answer that she was suddenly indisposed. She could afford to appear indifferent, she felt—it would look awkward, however, she concluded, to recall the messenger—if she had only thought sooner—as it was, she could do no better than defer attention to the captain's request as long as possible—he would wait for her, she was sure of that. Her toilet was at length concluded with an air of negligent elegance, and with fan and flowers coquettishly disposed, she descended with the step and manner of one summoned rather against her will.

When she returned, it was with a hurried and agitated manner. At first she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me with a warmth of affection which I could not comprehend, and then dashing herself, face downward, upon the sofa, burst into a flood of tears.

What could her grief be! Cologne—camphor—ammonia—all were of no avail.

Miss Look-about wished she was dead—wished she had never come to Newport—wished she was at home with her mother—or that she had some friend who *could* and would advise her—her judgment was all subordinate to her heart, and how could she trust to that!

A thought broke in upon my brain. The captain had really made serious overtures—not positively, Miss Look-about replied, but he had asked her to ride with him to "The Glen" on the following morning, and of course he would *propose* outright—she wished she could be a woman, and not the silly trembling girl she was.

The morning was charmingly inviting and a pair of the fine horses for which Newport is remarkable, were champing before the door, betimes. Arrayed in a sober dress, and closely veiled, as became her trying position, Louisa presented herself, was handed into the luxurious carriage by Captain B——, and was driven away, with the smiles of twenty black faces beaming upon her.

An hour thereafter I glanced up from the page I was reading as the noise of wheels arrested my attention—to my surprise I saw that the Captain and Louisa were returned; scarcely touching his fingers she descended from the carriage, and without noticing him further, entered the house in a stately and self-sufficient manner.

Tears of disappointment and vexation were in her eyes as she entered my room, but she scorned to wipe them away; and having thrown her bonnet on the floor, and chewed the end of her elegant fan into tatters, she became calm enough to give expression to her woman's wrath.

What did I suppose that miserable old fool, Capt. B——, had dared to tell her, and that too just when she thought he was on the point of declaring himself? Why that he had recently buried the most excellent and amiable daughter in the world, and that he had come to Newport, (where he hoped to be joined by his wife within a day or two) to divert his mind from its consuming grief. Mrs. Capt. B—— would thank her better than he could, for her charitable kindness to him. After that Louisa wondered how she ever *could* have thought Capt. B—— handsome—such big feet and hands! and eyes as grey as a cat's! And then it was such dreadfully shocking taste to visit Newport in mourning.

I reminded her that she was ignorant of the date of the poor man's bereavement, and that, besides, the *fashionable* season had not even dawned—"but it was only throwing words away." Miss Look-about would only repeat that Capt. B—— was the most consummate fool she ever saw in her life, and beyond all question the homeliest and most ungraceful person in the world.

SLEEPING INDIAN BABE.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

See, 'mid the branches swinging
A little Indian child;
Hark to its mother singing
In accents sweet, tho' wild.

How calm the child reposes
In its strange cradle bed;
See how health's blooming roses
O'er its soft cheeks are spread.

Oh! when was white babe's slumber
So cool, and fresh, and free?
Few, very few *their* number
Who sleep so healthfully.

Oh! happy Indian mother;
And happy Indian child!
So dear to one another
Within the forest wild.

WAS IT A MISFORTUNE?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Morris Heston, starting up from his desk. "Impossible!" he repeated, his face growing very pale.

"It is too true," was the answer made by a gentleman, who had come hurriedly into the store of Mr. Heston. "I have the news from a reliable source."

"Failed!"

"Yes; and failed badly. It is alleged that not ten cents in the dollar can possibly be realized. I hope he doesn't owe you much."

"Not a great deal," was answered, evasively, though with ill-concealed anxiety; "yet, enough to sweep away nearly all my profits on the year's business, should the loss be total. Is he on your books?"

"Yes."

"To a large amount?"

"Three thousand dollars."

"I thought him sound to the core. The reports in regard to his standing have always been A No. 1."

"He has been engaged, it is said, in some land speculations, which have turned out disastrously. The old story of the dog and the shadow! Well, we must expect such things, and meet them with as much philosophy as can be summoned to our aid. Good morning."

And the man went out as hurriedly as he had come in. As he left the store, Mr. Heston turned, with a disturbed manner, to his ledger, and threw over the leaves nervously. Pausing at an account, he footed it up rapidly. The pencilled figures showed the sum of four thousand eight hundred and sixty-one dollars. There was a credit by bills receivable, of four thousand dollars; three thousand five hundred of which had been discounted, and would mature in less than a month.

Morris Heston was a young man, who had been in business only about two years. The capital on which he commenced was less than two thousand dollars; and the whole of this he had saved from his salary. He was active, industrious and intelligent, and on the road, many predicted, to fortune. But in one thing he was indiscreet; and that was, in selling too largely to a single customer. No wonder that he started and turned pale on hearing [illegible] equivalent to ruin. Already, the relation between receipts and payments was so close, that any serious deficiency in the one, or increase in the other, would prove a source of embarrassment; and to have between three and four thousand dollars of discounted bills come back upon him in four weeks, would certainly cause him to stop payment.

We need not picture the troubled events that followed, too surely, the confirmed intelligence of this failure of a distant customer. Heston was too weak to bear the pressure that came upon him, and so was forced to give way. A few of his creditors, who had faith in his integrity and ability, would cheerfully have reduced their claims and given him ample time on the balance; but the majority, who had no personal interest in him, and looked only to themselves, acted upon the common adage current in such cases, that the "first loss is the best loss," and swept everything, leaving the unhappy, mortified and dispirited young man without a dollar on which to begin the world again—nay, even worse than this, leaving him several thousand dollars in debt; for, in throwing his stock into auction, and forcing collections, serious losses were inevitable.

Troubles rarely come alone. Another, and, to our young friend, a sadder disaster followed. He was under engagement of marriage, and the time of its celebration had been fixed. From the moment rumor filled the air with reports of his heavy losses and danger of failure, he thought he could perceive a change in the manner of his betrothed. He tried to think this only imagination; but the change seemed daily to grow more and more apparent. At last it became necessary for him to tell her of his misfortune, and the blight which had come over his worldly prospects. He still had faith in her; still tried to deceive himself, notwithstanding the recent change in her manner.

She listened with a coldness of exterior that chilled him to the heart; then gave a few tears; and then sat in irresponsive silence.

Stung by this apparent want of sympathy, and bewildered by the conviction that a new and heavier misfortune was about to cloud the sky of his life, the young man started up, and standing before the embarrassed girl, said, with much agitation of tone and manner:

"Agnes! how am I to understand this? Are you, too, only a summer friend?"

Scarcely had the words passed from his lips, ere she started to her feet, and glided without a word of answer from the room.

For the space of nearly ten minutes Heston walked the floor of the apartment in which he had been left alone, every moment expecting the return of his betrothed, but she came not back. At the end of this period, he left the house in so wretched a state of mind, that, for a brief season, he meditated self-destruction. But wiser thoughts restored him to better feelings.

Once more he called to see the yet enthroned idol of his affections; but she refused to meet him, and the idol was cast down and broken into fragments at his feet. It was but gilded clay, and not fine gold as he had vainly believed.

The effect of this double misfortune was altogether paralyzing. Heston fell into a state of gloomy inaction. Friends urged him to look the world bravely in the face once more, and begin again, with a stout heart, the battle of life. But he answered—

"No—I have been mocked once. Let that suffice. I will not run the risk of another such disaster."

"She is unworthy of a thought," said one, alluding to the maiden who had proved so meanly false to her vows; "and a thousand times unworthy of regret by so true a heart as yours."

"It is easy to say all that," was answered, in a tone of bitterness. "But the heart that once loves, loves on forever—loves, even though the object of affection be proved unworthy."

"Mere poets' talk!" said the friend. "True love is only based on a perception of qualities. You never truly loved this girl; and time will prove my words. Let her image pass from your thoughts like breath from the face of a mirror. Fling her memory to the winds."

Little effect had all this upon the mind of Heston. He held himself aloof from friends, and remained for nearly a year a kind of social recluse, brooding over the misfortunes which had so early in life made his sky sunless. As a clerk, on a moderate salary, he went through his monotonous round of duties, all interest in the future seeming to have died out of his heart.

At the end of a year there was a gay wedding in the city; gay and imposing enough to create a flutter in certain circles. A young merchant, who had started in business at the same time with Heston, and being more successful, had tried another venture in life, even the doubtful one of leading to the altar a maiden who had been false to her first lover, turning heartlessly from him when the sunshine left his path.

This had the effect to spur into new life the almost dormant energies of our young friend. From that time he walked abroad with a firmer tread, and a countenance more elevated. If his old light-heartedness did not return, he showed a cheerful aspect, and something like a genial side to his character. The true man in him was moving with a new vitality, and throwing off the dead husks of feeling which closed around him closely as cerements.

Ere another year had gone by, an offer to commence business again—or rather, to become a partner in an old established house—was accepted, and he started in the world once more, moving with a steadier step, and with a surer prospect. And he loved again—loved as deeply, and far more wisely—loved one, whose light of love for him was an undying flame that no waters of misfortune could ever quench.

Morris Heston was all right with the world again; and wiser and happier for the brief but desolating storm which had so sadly marred the beautiful garden of his young life. Prosperity crowned his business efforts, and love made his home a Paradise.

Now and then he met on the street, or in social parties, her who had played him so falsely in his darker hours; never without an almost audibly breathed utterance of thanks for the misfortune which had proved her quality. She was growing yearly into a bold, flaunting, heartless woman of the world; her once beautiful face changing steadily, until, to eyes unveiled by sensuality, it wore a most repellant aspect. To her husband's side she was rarely seen to move, on social occasions, with an unconscious instinct, as if it was always pleasant to be near him; but plainly preferred any man's company to his.

"Thank God for misfortune!" said Heston, almost speaking aloud, on one occasion, as he saw her turn from her husband with scarcely concealed disgust, and crown another man with a wreath of smiles. "To me it came a blessing in disguise."

It was scarcely a month later, when the husband of this weak, vain, unprincipled woman, returned from his business one evening to find his home desolate, his love hopelessly wrecked, and his baby worse than motherless. His wife had abandoned virtue, to the mocking winds, cast her lot with that of a false wretch who lured her from the true path, only to fling her aside after a brief season as a worthless thing.

"Thank God for misfortune!" exclaimed Mr. Heston, in the silence of his swelling heart, when intelligence of this sad event reached his ears. It came to him, first from the lips of his own true wife, who had grown daily dearer to him since the blessed hour when she had given hand and heart together. "Misfortune? Oh, no!" he said. "It was not misfortune—but blessing! The sun was shining still in the sky; only a few clouds had hid from me his loving face."

Almost tearfully did Morris Heston gather his little children into his arms that evening—looking from them to their mother with such loving glances, that half-wondering and half-joyful, the happy spouse felt a new delight swelling in her heart, that gave a new beauty to her pure countenance.

"I bless God, dear Mary!" said the young man, as she came to his side, drawn by the magnetism of his love, "that you are my wife! My true, loving, faithful wife, and the mother of my precious babes."

Very softly that happy wife and mother laid her lips upon the forehead of her husband, the touch thrilling him to the inmost of his spirit.

Was it misfortune that clouded our young friend's life." No—no. Not misfortune, in the darker sense—the seeming evil was only a blessing disguised. And so, to the right-thinking, the right-feeling, the true-hearted, will all the darker dispensations of life prove themselves blessings. Let us be patient, hopeful, trusting, when the sky is shadowed, nor tremble at the storm that seems desolating the earth. The cloudy tempest is only a transient condition of nature; there is above all, the perpetual sunshine.

To the right-minded there are no misfortunes.

FALLACIES.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

"Beauty unadorned 's adorned the most." That's poetry I suppose, but it is'nt truth—not a word of truth in the whole sentiment, as applied to human beauties. There may be some people so very pretty, that they can't look any way *but* pretty, even with their ragged clothes and dirty faces, and with their hair straggling, lank and straight, and in most ungraceful fashion, about their eyes and down their shoulders; but we do declare that even such extreme cases as these would look better clad in fine raiment, and crowned with flowers. There never was a handsome man on earth who did not look *more* handsome still with new, gracefully setting clothes, and freshly, and tastefully arranged, hair and beard. And never was there a woman or a girl, so beautiful that she did not look more lovely and beautiful through the aid of well set apparel, and well arranged hair. The ladies of noble and royal blood are very apt to be celebrated world-wide for astonishing beauty: but most of those so famed, were they to be stripped of their silks and their jewels; of their ermine and their plumes—the adornments which, by their rustle, and shine, and glitter—their waving, and folding, and trailing magnificence, ensnare the imagination, as much as they dazzle the sight—and set down among the wearers of linsey woolsey and calico, and clad like them, would *very poorly* compare with many a Yankee farmer's daughter.

"No family is complete without an arm chair and a cradle." The idea is that each should be appropriatety filled; one by a grand-parent, the other by a baby. Now, against this sentiment we have nothing to urge, *provided* the grand-parent be such an one as *one* there is, dwelling in the border-lands between earth and heaven, and provided the baby be a *good* one, and *but* one; but we protest against the disposition to stretch this saying until it covers a whole drove of noisy and active youngsters; and condemns the poor old parent, who having borne the heat and burden of one life, has now come to the evening in which rest and quiet should be found, to all the discomforture and unrest, which a family of children *do*, and always will create.

Most old people desire quiet, and although they are almost universal lovers of children, they either indulge them to their hurt, or are fretted and made peevish and uneasy by them. Then let the old folks have *their own quiet home*, and let them *come to yours*, or *go from it* as best suits their wishes. "Young mothers, that happiest class of human beings." Are they? Well really, perhaps they are; *if* the baby is good and healthy; and if the father don't turn up his nose at the little, red, wrinkled up beginning of no-body-knows what—and certainly they deserve to be *awful* happy, for a time; at least, "dear knows" they've dearly earned their joy.

But how is it when this sweet young cherub refuses, from the first hour of its age, to do anything as it should be done—if it has the snuffles all day, and the colic all night; and if its cries make the mother's head ache; and if the poor child gets no better very fast, even though its mother starves herself almost to death, in order to promote the health of her offspring. Ah! there's any quantity of such happiness to be seen all about the country; and it's but little use to go into ecstacies, on paper, about the delight of tending babies, as long as the living truths, the most unromantic facts of the case, are open to the inspection of all.

THE PERSONALITY AND USES OF A LAUGH.

BY MARY FORREST.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" The liquid notes roll one upon another, like a shower of pearls. We do not need to look; we know the face is beautiful. Only the whitest of teeth and the rosiest of lips could open the way to such delicious cherubs of sound; and only that ingenuous order of soul, which is the fountain-head of all beauty, would leap so fearlessly out into the sunlight. The round, pure echoes fall cheerily down our heart-strings, till every silver chord is awake and a-quiver. We are immeasurably refreshed. We have caught the key-note of harmony, and the ha-ha-ha! of our best nature springs up in response.

It is a sweet, hilarious strain, according well with the song and plumage of the oriole floating above us, the dancing rill at our feet, and all that is joyous in the full chime of nature.

I would be willing to choose my friend by the quality of his laugh, and abide the issue. A glad, gushing out-flow—a clear, ringing, mellow note of the soul, as surely indicates a genial and genuine nature, as the rainbow in the dew-drop heralds the morning sun, or the frail flower in the wilderness betrays the zephyr-tossed seed of the parterre.

A laugh is one of God's truths. It tolerates no disguises. Falsehood may train its voice to flow in softest cadences—its lips to wreathe into smiles of surpassing sweetness—its face [illegible] but its laugh will betray the mockery. Who has not started and shuddered at the hollow "he-he-he!" of some velvet-voiced Mephistopheles, whose sinuous fascinations, without this note of warning—this premonitory *rattle*—might have bound the soul with a strong spell!

Leave nature alone. If she is noble, her broadest expression will soon tone itself down to fine accordance with life's earnestness; if she is base, no silken interweavings can keep out of sight her ugly head of discord. If we put a laugh into strait-jacket and leading-strings, it becomes an abortion; if we attempt to refine it, we destroy its pure, mellifluent ring; if we suppress a laugh, it struggles and dies on the heart, and the place where it lies is apt ever after to be weak and vulnerable. No, laugh truly, as you would speak truly, and both the inner and the outer man will rejoice. A full, spontaneous outburst opens all the delicate valves of being, and glides, a subtle oil, through all its complicated mechanism.

A jocund temperament coddles up no torpid liver with its muddy secretions. The whole system is alive and vigorous.

Mark Tapley was jolly in the face of all difficulties, and at last created about him a sphere of complacency which nothing could invade.

Laugh heartily, if you would keep the dew of your youth. There is no need to lay our girlhood and boyhood so doggedly down upon the altar of sacrifice, as we toil up life's mountain. Dear, innocent children, lifting their dewy eyes and fair foreheads to the benedictions of angels—prattling and gamboling because it is a great joy to live, should flit like sunbeams among the stern-faced and stalwart. Young men and maidens should walk with strong, elastic tread and cheerful voices among the weak and uncertain. White hairs should be no more the insignia of age, but the crown of ripe and perennial youth.

Laugh for your beauty. The joyous carry a fountain of light in their eyes, and round into rosy dimples, where the echoes of gladness play at "hide and go seek." Your "lean and hungry Cassius" is never betrayed into a laugh, and his smile is more cadaverous than his despair.

Laugh, if you would live. He only *exists*, who drags his days after him like a massive chain, asking sympathy with uplifted eyebrows and weak utterance, as the beggar asks alms. Better die, for your own sake and the world's sake, than so pervert the uses, and graces, and dignities of life.

Make your own sunshine and your own music—keep your heart open to the smile of the good Father, and brave all things.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every grin so merry draws one out."

A MUSICAL BED.

The last novelty from Germany is a musical bed, which receives the weary body and immediately "laps it in Elysium." It is an invention of a mechanic in Bohemia, and is so constructed that by means of hidden mechanism, a pressure upon the bed causes a soft and gentle air of Auber to be played, which continues long enough to lull the most wakeful to sleep. At the head is a clock, the hand of which being placed at the hour the sleeper wishes to rise, when the time arrives, the bed plays a march of Spontoni, with drums and cymbals, and, in short, with noise enough to rouse the seven sleepers.

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THE BETTER TREASURES.

Before mines of gold and silver, or pearl and diamond deposits, give us, as a high and lasting source of wealth, plentiful Iron and Coal. These are the mineral treasures that corrupt not; that enter into all the ramifications of useful art; that emblazon the shield of all our houses, work-shops, and farm-fields with comfort and independence; that lie at the basis of manufactures, commerce, and all great enterprises, and, when summed up in their broadest triumph, crown the nation with simple, inexhaustible wealth and strength. Over beds of iron and coal no battles are fought but those of sturdy, honest labor. They are not a bone of contention between nations. Borne upon the great deep, they excite no piratical cupidity—robbery and murder walk not in their path.

Look over the world and observe what nations acquire and hold power; what nations are richest and strongest; what peoples are least enervated and dependant. Are they the East Indies, glowing with gold and gems? Are they Spain and Portugal, whose laps for centuries were strewn with the golden fruits of their New World discoveries and conquests? Are they Central and South America, or Mexico, to-day rotten with the excess of past wealth in gold and silver, and tottering on the verge of total decay? No, the history of all these is a warning that superabundance of what are called "the precious metals," and gems, is the greatest bane to the human race. These call for the labor of serfs and slaves; these make serfs and slaves; and these, placing every sensuous luxury within the grasp of man, debauch him and unfit him for whatever is most noble in the

The glory of the strength, intellect and freedom of the Old World abides with the nations that have no mines of gold and no gems in their soil. Even Russian despotism gives healthier promise to humanity in the future than those of Spain or Brazil—because of the rugged national elements of her wealth, the development of which preserves, even to the serf, physical incorruption. Compare Britain, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Switzerland, Germany and France, with the South of Europe and with Asia. Compare the United States with Mexico and Central and South America. On the one hand, nature has banished what are deemed the more precious and luxurious things; on the other, are only the coarser and ruder sources of comfort and wealth. But where is the most comfort, the most real luxury, the most wealth, the most strength, and the most intelligence exhibited? Not in the gold regions, nor among the nations that have been inflated and exhausted by gold.

No country on earth is so blessed as ours in the true elements of wealth and strength, and to no two of these elements are we so much indebted as to our inexhaustible Iron and Coal. Buried in all our mountains and vallies, they invite and reward the largest enterprise, and exercise the largest invention. They are a common and perpetual necessity, and a common blessing and wealth. We can scarcely pursue a trade, art, or profession of any kind, without them. They enter familiarly into all our dwellings. Our foundries, forges, artizan shops, factories, steamers, railroads, and telegraphs, are their monuments, quite as much as they are our trophies. We fight the battle of peaceful progress with these two weapons, and no power can withstand them. Without them, could gold create the "lightning-press?" could gold rear temple or pillar? could gold say, "steam-engine, be thou!" and therewith command the hills to bow down and the hollows to be exalted?

Let us not be captivated with gold and gems. National strength, virtue, and greatness never came permanently from these. Providence directed the Pilgrim Fathers aright. They touched on the true gold coast, and their children have spread over and settled a land far richer than all "the wealth of Ormus or of Ind." A land rich in all that conserves sound national growth, and pure individual comfort and independence. Let us feel and know by all precedents in national history, that in our iron, coal, copper and lead, we have the choicest of nature's mineral stores. Within the bosom of the earth we have exceeding treasure, and within and on the earth's surface, all that man can wish—if he wishes well for himself and his race.

THE EYESORE IN THE GULF.

Cuba has been well called the "Key of the Gulf," and the "Pearl of the Antilles." It is both. As a pearl, it is of "great price," and Brother Jonathan might esteem himself fortunate to peaceably pluck it from the decaying oyster of Spanish power, for a hundred million dollars. Cuba was almost the first point touched by Spanish discovery in the New World; and it is the last, as it has been and is, the richest gem of her New World possessions. So rich is it, revenually speaking, that it takes care of itself, and a horde of viceregal plunderers, and furnishes pocket-money and the court-budget to Spanish royalty. It is the last hope and prop of Spain; and no wonder that imbecile power clings to it. Having by her despotism and weakness lost all else in the New World, Spain cannot forego, short of ruin, her golden egg, Cuba.

But if Spain regards Cuba as a "pearl," invaluable for the revenue she can draw from it, other powers of Europe behold in it the key of empire and influence, commercial and political; as such, possessing a value larger than Spanish interest—a value embracing the interests of all the despotic and commercial powers of Europe. While Cuba remains the appanage of a crown, lying as it does in the Gulf, touching within fifty miles of Mexican and United States headlands, swarming with admirable harbors and eminently fitted for maritime purposes, it cannot be less than a bar to Republican progress, and a taunting sentinel, watching and thwarting the march of Liberty in the New World.

Therefore, not only to preserve Spain in her "divine right" of robber and despotic possession, which is a part of the business of the family league of monarchies, but also to further their own general or especial interests, the powers of Europe will not readily consent to the independence of Cuba, nor to its absorption by the United States. On the other hand, Cuba, like her sisters of the New World, desires to shake off Spanish power, and become either a Republic, or a member in the confederation of the free United States. The United States, also, have, for the very political and commercial reasons already alluded to, the strongest interest in driving Old World dominion out of Cuba, and planting thereon a Republic, or an ally of republicanism.

And the "righteousness of reasoning" is all on the side of Cuba and the United States. On the principle of the sovereignty of the people, Cuba has an undoubted right to freedom, if her people desire it, while the interests of the United States in soil contiguous to her own, on a hemisphere marked out by "manifest destiny" for republicanism, is far more natural and just than that of States beyond the Atlantic, whose chief design this side the ocean is not the benefit of soil or people, but a ceaseless machination against the spread and triumph of popular liberty.

Therefore, Cuba is a stake between the Old World and the New, to be played for by peace or war cards, as Spain and Europe shall choose; and to be won, as certainly as the sun shines from the heavens, by the New World. It is only a question of time. The sympathies and determination of the Cuban people are well known, and the policy of the United States has been too distinctly and often expressed, to leave her final action, in a contest for Cuba, a matter of doubt. Cuba must belong to the family of free nations—or rather, to the universal New World Republic. And nothing can more rapidly hasten such a consummation than attempted European interference, and the course pursued by the tyrant lieutenants of the Spanish Crown in Cuba. These are urging their day of doom, which hovers near, ready to belch its avenging and inextinguishable lightnings.

THE BABY QUESTION.

If there is anything on earth which we detest more than all others, it is a *crying baby*. A baby is disagreeable enough, and troublesome enough, at its best; but a *squalling baby*—oh, horror of horrors! We can conceive of nothing more detestable.—*Clarksville Herald.*

The editor of the "Clarksville Herald" was never more mistaken in his life—and that is saying a great deal of a man who is *always* mistaken. Babies are among the most interesting of all terrestrial things. Even a "squalling baby" is a highly interesting object, when contemplated from a sufficiently elevated point of view. Our heartless cotemporary need not catch us up here and exclaim, "Yes—if you are so *elevated* as to be beyond the reach of its yells," because we refer to a moral and spiritual elevation. This may be a point which has never attracted this baby-hater's attention; but we himself under his wife's guidance he can soon find it—for, strange as it may seem, he has a wife and children!

The whole world (cross bachelors and stingy husbands excepted) is on the affirmative side of the baby question, and ready to greet with yells which would drown those of the babies themselves, any attempt to disparage the "little cherubs." Did our cotemporary ever consider that *he* was once a "little cherub" himself? Perhaps his intimate knowledge of his present disposition renders it impossible for him to credit such an idea; but we have no hesitation in assuring him that it is the naked truth. And, incredible as it may *now* seem (to those who know him intimately,) he was *then*, undoubtedly, an "interesting object"—a "little ducky darling"—a "deary, darling, dumpy, ducky, doezy dear." Let him ponder this astounding fact, repent of his unjust and cruel onslaught upon the innocent class of which he was once such a distinguished ornament, and for the rest of his life try to be a more sympathetic man and amiable editor. "While life's lamp holds out to burn, the vilest," &c., &c.

LOW-NECKED DRESSES.

Many people seem to think that the ladies of the present day exhibit more neck, with its collaterals, than the women of any former age; but such is not the fact. Woman seems to have had a keen perception, in all ages, of the most besetting weaknesses of men, and has not been slow to avail herself thereof. Not to mention the courts of Charles II. of England, and Louis XV. of France, wherein female voluptuousness reached the apex of its most bewildering jolly-come-tumbleisms, we find that even in the infancy of the staid village of William Penn—his beloved Philadelphia—the men had to fly to the law for refuge against the allurements of the sex, and enact:

> "That if any female, of ten years or upwards, shall appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, court-house, tavern, ball-room, or any other place of public resort, with naked shoulders, [that is, low-necked dress,] being able to purchase *necessary clothing*, she shall pay a fine of not less than one, nor more than ten pounds."

The closing paragraph of the law, however, permits women of ill-repute to bare their shoulders, as *a badge of distinction between the chaste and the unchaste.* Such is the disreputable origin of the fashion which many good, but thoughtless or bold women, now seem to exult in beneath the broad blaze of the sun and the glare of gas chandeliers.

CAUGHT IN ITS OWN TRAP.—Our Free-Love cotemporary, the "Tribune," has recently been making a great fuss over a few errors contained in a hastily-written note addressed to it by one of our school-teachers. This, so far as the reprobation of the teacher is concerned, is all very well; but "Harper's Weekly" has taken the "Tribune" to task, and shown that in the very article in which that journal found fault with the teacher, it was itself guilty of several gross grammatical blunders. The school-teachers are, of course, delighted with the turn which the affair has taken, and the whole town is in a roar at the exposure of the "Tribune's" blunders. We have not a word to say in defence of the school-teacher; but we do think that the "Tribune" should now, in justice to its readers, call attention to its own blunders, and not berate a public officer for the precise thing of which it is guilty itself.

> "Thus sins alike, unlike rewards have found,
> And whilst this villain's hang'd, the other's crowned."

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VISITING AND VISITORS.

"When are you coming to spend the day with with us?" asked a lady of my acquaintance of another. "Spend the day with you, my dear!" replied the latter; I should be tired to death spending the day with you; may be I'll take tea with you sometime."

I have often pleased myself imagining how the wheels of society would creak greased with such honesty as that! and and yet how many, if they but dared to speak their real sentiments, would make a similar response. Now, I respect that old lady; she had made good use of her years; she probably knew what it was to talk at a mark for hours on the stretch, to some one-idea-d statue, who, with crossed hands and starched attitude, seemed remorselessly exacting of her weary tongue—Give—Give! She knew what it was to long for dinner to reprieve her aching jaws, or, at least, afford them a diversion of labor. She knew what it was to be gladder to see one's husband home on such a day, than on any other day in the year; and she knew what it was to have those hopes dashed to earth by that inglorious sneak selfishly retreating behind his newspaper, instead of shouldering the conversation as he ought. She knew what it was to have the hour arrive for her afternoon nap, (I *wont* call it "siesta,") instead of which, with leaden lids, and a great goneness of brain and diaphragm, she must still keep on ringing changes on the alphabet, for the edification of the monosyllabic statue, who—horror of horrors!—had "concluded to stay to tea." She knew what it was in a fit of despair to present a book of engravings to the statue, and to hear that interesting functionary remark as she returned it, that "her eyes were weak." She knew what it was to send in for a merry little chatterbox of a neighbor to relieve guard, and receive for answer, "that she had gone out of town!" She knew what it was to wish that she had forty babies up stairs, with forty pains under their aprons, if need be, that she might have an excuse for leaving the statue for at least one blessed half-hour. She knew what it was to have the inglorious sneak later to tea on that wearisome day than ever before; and on his entrance, blandly and coolly to unfurl a business-letter, which, with a Chesterfieldian bow, he hoped the statue would excuse him for retiring to answer; and she knew what it was, five minutes later, to spy the wretch on the back piazza revelling in solitude and a cigar. She knew what it was, when the statue finally—(for everything comes to an end *sometime*, thank heaven)—took protracted leave—to cry hysterically from sheer weariness, and a recollection of pressing family duties indefinitely postponed, and to think for the forty-eleventh time, what propriety there was in calling her the *weaker* sex, who had daily to shoulder burdens which the strongest man either couldn't or—*wouldn't* bear. And so again, I say—sensible old lady—would there were more like her!

And yet we would fain hope that, like ours, this is but one side of her experience. We would hope that she knew what it was to throw her arms about the neck of a friend from whom she had no disguises; whose loving eyes scanned—not the wall for possible cobwebs, nor yet the carpet for darns, nor yet the mirror for fly-specks; but *her face*, to see what sorrow time in his flight had registered there, which by sympathy she could lighten; what joy, which, by sharing, she could increase. We hope she knew what it was to sit side by side with the stalled ox, for the love that seasoned it. We hope she knew what it was to lounge, or sit, or stand, or walk, or read, or sew, or doze even, in that friend's presence, with that perfect love which casteth out fear. We hope she knew what it was to count the hours as they passed, not for their irksomeness, but as a miser tells his hoarded gold; jealous, lest even the smallest fraction should escape. We hope she knew what it was when she unwillingly closed the door upon her retreating form, that shutting it never so securely, kind words, good deeds, loving looks and tones, came flocking in to people the voiceless solitude as with shining troops of white-robed angels.

And we hope she knew what it was to give the cup of cold water to the humble disciple for the Master's sake. We hope that the door of her house and heart were opened as widely for the destitute orphan, in whose veins her own blood flowed—who could repay it only with tearful thanks—as for those who could return feast for feast, and whose tongues were as smooth as their wine. And finally and lastly, lest we ourselves should be making too long a visit—we hope the old lady had no "best chamber," with closed blinds; pillows as ruffled as the chamber-maid's temper; forbiddingly polished sheets; smothering canopy; counterpane all too dainty for tumbling; and pincushion, whose lettered words one must not invade, even at the most buttonless extremity! Blessings on the old lady: we trust her carpets were made to be trod on—her chairs to sit down upon—and her windows to open. We hope her house was too small to hold half of her friends, and too hot to hold one of her enemies.

FANNY FERN.

A COMMON ERROR.

It is always easy to tell a guilty person by his looks when he is accused of the crime. Conscious innocence blushes not at accusations, but the tell-tale flush of guilt always betrays the criminal.—*Exchange.*

Nothing can be more absurd, and few things lead to the commission of greater wrongs, than this idea that "looking guilty"—as it is called—is reliable proof of guilt. An obdurate, hardened and self-possessed criminal, being prepared for accusation, can meet it with a bold eye and unblushing cheek; while an honest man, suddenly charged with crime, is taken utterly by surprise, *and cannot help blushing and looking confused.* In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the mere *suspicion that he is suspected* of a wrong will bring the blood into an innocent man's cheek; and the more pure and unsophisticated an accused person is, the greater will be his confusion—nay, in many cases he will be so frightened as to exhibit that trepidation and inconsistency of speech and behavior which the superficial and uncharitable always interpret as signs of guilt. The most "guilty-looking" man we ever saw was one who had been arrested for stealing a watch that he had himself owned for eleven years, and which his father had owned for over twenty years before him.

AGE.—When age is seen moving through scenes of gaiety and pleasure, its wrinkles concealed beneath a mask of paint, and its wig wreathed with flowers, it reminds one of the death's heads which the ancients introduced at their festivals, to recall to their memories the brevity of life, and make them enjoy the present with more zest.

PREJUDICES.—Prejudices are the chains forged by ignorance to keep men apart.

WOMEN AND LITERATURE.

I wish that the many young women of our country, who are too ambitious of position and distinction to accept, with any degree of contentment, the portion of trial and of humble and obscure duty in which the ordinary course of God's providence runs for them, could read Southey's excellent letter of advice to Miss Bronte.

One or two passages I must be allowed to quote. He says: "The day-dreams in which you habitually indulge are likely to induce a distempered state of mind; and in proportion as all the ordinary uses of the world seem to you flat and unprofitable, you will be unfitted for them, without becoming fitted for anything else. Literature cannot be the business of woman's life, and it ought not to be. The more she is engaged in her proper duties, the less leisure will she have for it, even as an accomplishment and a recreation."

All this is the very truest truth, and those women who have chosen literature as a profession, feel it so most surely. Even to the one in ten thousand who succeeds, how uncomforting and empty is the success. What a moaning she sends out from her unkissed lips as she sits by her unshared fire of winter nights, and hears the nations praising her far off. Ah, no; woman is mistaken when she persuades herself into the belief that it is the praise of the world she desires—it is only the praise of the few that she cares for—the little circle of friends—the more intimate household, and the one dearer and more beloved than all—these—this one, I may say, inspire all which the nations praise far off. It is not the reward of the future she looks to when the fine sentence is written, but the pleasure, the astonishment, or, possibly, the spite of the individual. For, however large her intellect, her heart is so much larger in proportion, and though at times she may rise out of it, or subdue it, there will come other times when she must go back to her nature, in spite of all her calculations and all her philosophy. And she is wisest and happiest who *lives* out, and not crushes out her heart—beautifying her home with duties—making her husband to be praised, and her children to rise up and call her blessed—unheard of beyond her own neighborhood, and unpraised by any except those whose praise is made sweet by love and gratitude.

"Most loved are they of whom fame speaks not, with her clarion voice."

"Your lot is on you, silent tears to weep, and patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour," and though you may tear yourself from the cross that is your portion, you will thereby deal wounds to yourself that can never in the world be healed.

ALICE CARY.

FLOWERS, FRESH FLOWERS!

Not long ago, the Committee of the American Agricultural Association issued an address to nurserymen, gardeners, amateurs and others, proposing to hold several floral exhibitions annually, at their hall, in this city, and to award premiums for the finest flowers that might be offered—the premiums to be graduated by intelligent and impartial committees. We regret that so excellent an idea was not carried into effect. A great good could not have failed to result from a well-stimulated competition in the cultivation of flowers,—those peerless things of beauty. The only required thing to popularize the cultivation of flowers is, that it be made fashionable. With many, it is, and ever will be, of its own inherent nature, one of the most charming and refining of labors—a toil that is repaid to the sensitive soul a thousand fold. Pity, indeed, that some spur is not found to bring all within the circle and influence of flowers—of nature's many civilizers, the tenderest and the chief.

A taste for the beautiful in nature once cultivated, never can be lost. Men, women and children, would carry it from the public exhibition to their homes and out into the various paths of life. From training rose-trees on the garden-wall, to win a diploma, they would soon come to train them in every nook and corner, to satisfy the growing sense of beauty created by the crimson lips of the rose and the fragrant breath of the lily, in their own hearts. God, it seems to us, when he closed the gates of Eden, and sent man to wander in the earth among thorns and thistles, scattered the flowers—foot-prints of the angels—that his erring children might have an assurance that they were still remembered and beloved. Beautiful, precious flowers—springing not alone in gay parterres, but also by the way-side and in the desert; often most beautiful far from the homes and haunts of men, nor the less beautiful though

"Born to blush unseen"

by mortal eyes. Cultivate them, O man and woman, wherever the earth bares a space of her bosom to give them room. They will repay every care and toil—they are a priceless treasure in the walks and ways of us all.

LOVE.

To use an unauthorized phrase, "Love is always around." From peer to peasant, and castle to cabin, it reigns paramount. Ridicule it, frown upon it, pooh-pooh it as we may, it is omnipresent and indestructible. The young surrender up everything to it, with blind faith and enthusiasm; and the aged warily yield to its sway, or, in secret, dotingly con over its reminiscences. Yes, venerable reader—you who, with spectacle on nose and sprawled in your easy-chair, are now reading this very article, remember well the time when you walked at the dead of night before a certain dwelling, and, gazing fondly at a particular window, pressed your hand over your heart, and wondered if "*she* was there!" And you also remember how, when you met "*her*" in company with her parents, you tried to bow and pass along as though nothing was the matter, but ignominiously failed, and then rushed home in confusion, to avoid the gaze of the passers-by, every one of whom you imagined to be in possession of your secret. And you also remember how, when you determined to "learn the worst" and "know your fate," you made that decisive call, with a killing speech ready-made and at your tongue's end, you could not remember a word of the speech, and had to "go in promiscuously," with the room reeling around, and your head feeling like an inflated balloon. You *know* how you felt at that pinfeathery stage of your existence; so don't deny your better nature, nor pooh-pooh the loves of your children, but, instead, give all the young folks of your circle the benefit of your experience.

A PRODIGIOUS FOUR-CENTS'-WORTH.—When one considers what a prodigious four-cents'-worth the New York LEDGER really is, the fact is hardly comprehensible. Look at our list of writers—the largest which any paper can boast, and each of them the very best of his or her class. Look, too, at the variety and excellence of the general reading matter—at the illustrations—at the Notices to Correspondents; in short, *look at the* LEDGER. Is there anything equal to it for beauty, attractiveness, vivacity, variety and excellence? And yet, it only costs the *very* small sum of four cents. Truly, we do live in an age of cheap reading.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

KISSING.—We once had a female correspondent who wrote: "When two hearts are surcharged with love's electricity, a kiss is the burning contact, the wild, leaping flame of love's enthusiasm." This is certainly very pretty, but a flash of electricity is altogether too brief to give a correct idea of a truly delicious kiss. We agree with Byron that the "strength" of a kiss is generally "measured by its length." Still there should be *a limit*, and we really think that Mrs. Browning, strong-minded woman though she is, transcends all reasonable limits in a notion of a kiss's duration. Why—she talks, in her Aurora Leigh, of a kiss—

"As long and silent as the extatic night."

That indeed must be a "linked sweetness" altogether too "long drawn out."

IT is truly said of an epicure that he has no sinecure. He is unmade and eventually dished by made dishes. His stomach is so deranged in its punctuation, that his color comes to a full stop. Keeping it up late ends in his being laid down early. Always hunting pleasure, he finds at last that he has been only whipping and spurring, that he might be the sooner in at his own death.

THE word *sack* is said, with what truth we know not, to be found in all the languages of the earth. A very learned and laborious antiquary has explained the supposed fact by suggesting that it was necessary to leave that primitive word in order that every man, when he took his departure from Babel, might ask for his own bag.

FORBIDDEN pleasures have unquestionably a peculiar charm for many people. A fellow of this stamp, who was remarkably fond of pork, expressed his deep regret that he had not been born a Jew, so that he might enjoy the double pleasure of eating his favorite food and sinning at the same time.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Cincinnati paper says that he lately put himself under the care of a certain doctor and in less than one week was "*altogether another man.*" We don't know but we have several acquaintances who would do well to patronize that doctor.

THE Nashville Whig announced with much pathos, some time ago, the death of "Frank *Canis*." The character of the annunciation made most readers think that Frank was a *man*, whereas he was but *a dog*. But Frank was not the first dog mistaken for a man.

A TENNESSEE editor, tired of his vocation, throws it up with the exclamation, "we declare our independence of the press, and, like an uncaged eagle, seek the air." We hope he may, if necessary, be able like the chamelion to live on it.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN's tomb is in St. Paul's Church. It has been said of him that he "lies interred in the midst of his own works." The same has been, or may be, said with equal truth of many physicians buried in church-yards.

A LAWYER in one of our Western courts lately threw a cane at another's head. The court required him to apologize to it. He did so, and added, "while I am about it, I may as well apologize beforehand for throwing another cane at him the first chance I get."

A SCURRILOUS paper in this State offers one half of itself for sale. We think we will buy. We are disposed to take a hint from the man who purchased one-half of an ugly cur for the pleasure of shooting his moiety of the animal.

ON the twenty-fifth ult. some miscreant addressed an anonymous note to Mr. G. R. Bean, near Keokuk, threatening to kill him unless he put one hundred dollars, before ten o'clock at night, under a certain plank. Bean planked the cash. Bean shelled out.

SOME of the public meetings in Kansas are rather turbulent. "The eyes have it," exclaimed a voter in a late assemblage in that Territory. "The *nose* has it," replied another, seizing the first by the feature indicated.

A NEW GRANADIAN writes to a New Orleans paper that New Granada respects herself. Nobody else respects her, and if she respects herself, she is guilty of very gross self-flattery.

A YOUNG lady was suddenly missed last week from one of the interior counties of Indiana. At the last accounts thirty-five men were in search of her. Perhaps one might have found her if he had been the right one.

AN English writer remarks that although truth is said to be at the bottom of a well, it is labor lost to pump wells for it. It would be quite as profitable, however, as to pump some men.

MR. HENRY STRING, of North Carolina, advertized last month that a gay young fellow had run off with his two daughters. This is the most reprehensible instance of two strings to one beau we ever heard of.

THE writing of epitaphs is simply giving a good character to parties on their going into a new place, who in many cases had a very bad character in the place they had just left.

A CONTEMPORARY exclaims in an exceedingly eloquent piece of writing, "If the dead could speak to us from their graves, what would they say?" We guess they would be very likely to say, "Let us out."

WE know some men, who, when they are perplexed in argument, get out just as poor debtors sometimes get out of jail—they *swear* out.

MEN who boast loudly that they never show quarter are nearly certain in times of danger to show none but their hind ones.

WE were considerably amused by an account that we lately saw of a remarkable duel. There were six *men* upon the ground and six *misses*.

MR. J. S. FALL, a Mississippi editor, asks when we shall get wise. Undoubtedly *before Fall* if ever.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE Russian Princess Bragation, widow of the Prince Bragation who was slain at the battle of Borodino, died a short time since at Vienna. She was immensely rich, and was long celebrated in Paris as *La Dame Blanche*, or "The White Lady," it being her custom to deplete herself by the application of leeches until not a tinge of blood could be distinguished in her countenance. She used even to carry a bottle of leeches with her when she went to ride, for the purpose of killing off any extemporaneous and unexpected flush or blush.

A LADY was robbed, a few days since, in a refreshment saloon, in Broadway, while under the influence of chloroform, administered by a woman sitting next to her. The victim says the strange woman pretended to pick a worm from her hair, and held a handkerchief in the hand she used, in such a way that it came over her nose. She seemed to fall into a semi-dozing state, and on arousing herself in a few moments, the stranger was gone, and her purse was missing.

A FRENCH paper says that the captain of an American ship off the Marseilles coast, (name not given,) was about to flog a sickly sailor whom he had barbarously ill-treated, when the latter suddenly seized his persecutor and leaped overboard with him. The horrified crew at once lowered a boat and waited for the captain to rise to the surface; but it would seem that the phrenzied seaman had seized him with a gripe that could not be shaken off, for he came not up again.

A GENTLEMAN living in South Brooklyn, whose premises were overrun with rats, obtained a double-barreled shotgun, deposited a huge chunk of savory beef in the back-yard, and sat down on his back porch with his weapon brought to bear upon the right spot. In a few minutes, the beef was covered with rats. Bang! bang! went both barrels, and a large number of rats was the result. This operation was repeated until the last of the vermin that dared show himself fell gallantly at his post. One hundred and seventeen rats were the sum of the day's sport.

THE native troops of the East Indies that have so long helped to uphold British supremacy in that region, at last accounts were rebelling by the ten-thousand, and murdering all the European officers, and their wives and children. Should these well-drilled semi-barbarians once get the upper hand, such scenes of slaughter will be enacted as the world has not seen for many hundred years.

A FEW days ago, as a lady and two small children were about leaving a city railroad car in Brooklyn, a horse and wagon dashed furiously past within a foot of the car, and one of the children, (a boy, five years of age,) who had stepped from the platform, was struck by the fore wheel of the wagon, and killed.

A BOY named Geraldson, some fifteen years of age, who resided in Northern Alabama, got into a quarrel with his father on the occasion of the latter's calling him to account for continued misconduct, and drawing a pistol he shot his parent dead, and then fled to the woods.

THE "Evening Mirror" is now published by an incorporated company. It is to be greatly improved. Col. Fuller still retains his connexion with it. He is one of the spiciest newspaper writers in the country.

THE DEAD DAY.

(Written by the Sea-side.)

BY ALICE CARY.

At last the slighted Day is dead!
Shut up her eyes, I pray,
From the light of the little golden head,
That has withered her life away.

Keep all your waves from the piteous sight,
Oh, sea! so strong and grand;
Cover their faces with fringed white,
And bury them in the sand.

It is no time for their hands to trace
Sweet tunes against the skies,
When she lieth low in her sad "disgrace
With fortune, and men's eyes."

Oh, it is well to be safe and dead
Like thee, poor slighted Day,
Ere the light of a little golden head
Has withered the heart away.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress, inthe year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BARBARA'S VOYAGE.

"Merrily, merrily goes the barque,
On a breeze from the northward free;
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea!
Upon the gale she stoops her side,
And bounds before the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen laugh to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea foam." SCOTT.

The Petrel was favored with fine weather until the seventh day out, when near 30° north latitude she entered the gulf-stream, and faced the trade winds then blowing from an east and north-easterly direction. The violence and persistence of this gale kept her back for several days, so that it was the first of November before she dropped anchor in the harbor of Havana.

Here Lord Montressor took leave of Miss Brande, cordially shaking hands with her at parting, and asking and receiving permission to visit the vessel during her stay in port.

And while Barbara occupied herself with discharging her cargo, Lord Montressor established himself at the Hotel Macon, and from this quarter pursued his inquiries for Estelle. He found that the Sea Mew had reached port about fifteen days previous to the arrival of the Petrel; that she had discharged her cargo, taken in fresh freight, and about a week since had sailed for Rio Janeiro. But he could hear of no passengers that she had brought to Havana; on the contrary he was assured by several persons of whom he made the inquiry that she had certainly brought none.

But opposed to this testimony were the facts that he had learned at Baltimore. Thus with a perplexed, discouraged, but persevering heart he still pursued the almost hopeless search.

In the progress of his investigations, particularly near the harbor, he often met with Barbara Brande. No word had ever passed between them upon the object of his voyage, yet that object was well known to Miss Brande. She longed for the sister's privilege of counselling him. Knowing the utter futility of his search, she felt it to be, in herself, a sort of treachery to permit him to pursue it. Often when they chanced to meet, her sympathizing eyes were fixed with a sorrowful, prayful expression upon his troubled countenance.

Once when he visited her, in the cabin of her own vessel, while both sat at the little centre table, she fixed her honest eyes full upon his care-worn face and said—

"Lord Montressor give me your confidence."

He looked up in surprise.

Her open countenance did not blench, nor was her straightforward look for a moment withdrawn. Indeed there was in her resonant tones, unflinching regard, and confident manner something of the authority of the sybil. Lord Montressor really admired the honest, brave, upright and downright nature of Barbara Brande. And now it was something more than admiration, it was a sort of deference that he felt for her. But she was looking straight at him, and was waiting for an answer.

"But why, Miss Brande, should I burthen you with my confidences?" he asked mildly.

"Because I can aid you."

"You, can aid me!"

"Ay, sir; for I know your history. Do not ask me *how* I know it; for I cannot tell you without a breach of confidence. But, sir, I know the object of your pursuit, and know it to be, for the present at least, utterly futile—as it indeed should be!"

"Miss Brande!"

"Lord Montressor, I have no puerile fear of misconstruction at your hands—you are not the slave of a conventionalism that may be 'a good servant, but a bad master.' You will not, I am sure, accuse me of obtrusiveness—and even if you did——"

"And if I did——?"

"I should survive it!" smiled Barbara.

But then growing suddenly serious, she said—

"I told you that I could aid you, sir; but for that power of helping you, I had not spoken!"

"I thank you from the depths of my heart, Miss Brande! And I am sure that your words will be justified. But—you know my story! You know the object of my voyage! *do* you know where Lady Montressor is?"

"Sir, I cannot answer that question without a breach of confidence. What I can tell you without blame, I will tell you without question. In the first place your search here is utterly hopeless! Lady Montressor is not in Havana. In the second place, where she tarries, she is well, only wishing for the present to sequester herself from you."

"For the *present*."

"*I* said for the present. Your lordship will please to put yourself for a moment in this lady's place, and you will see that as a Christian woman, she can do no otherwise than she does. Consider, sir, that the validity of your marriage is *questioned* and rests for final decision with the Spiritual court of Arches."

"Miss Brande! a higher tribunal than any earthly court has already adjudged this cause. The claimant of Lady Montressor's hand is numbered with the dead."

"I know it. Yet how forgetful men are! You should remember, sir, that this claimant was also once, whether rightfully or wrongfully—the *possessor* of this lady's hand. Therefore, my lord, the lady is right, right, right, and forever right, in having considered that circumstance—while that claimant lived, a barrier to her second marriage. And now, Lord Montressor, let me say to you, that all your hopes for a future union with the lady Estelle rests upon the decision of the Court of Arches."

"In the name of Heaven, *how*—what do you mean?"

"This—should the Court of Arches decide the marriage of Monsieur L'Orient and Miss Morelle to have been illegal——"

"Well! then?"

"She will never emerge from her obscurity; as a delicate and high minded woman she never can. But on the other hand, should the Court of Arches decide that her childish marriage was legal——"

"Well! then?"

"Then, my lord, you are free to woo the widow, and I—Barbara Brande will give you the aid I promised!"

"Miss Brande! Is this your ethics? How is it possible that a decision of the Court of Arches can affect the righteousness of an action already past, as its record now stands before the higher tribunal of Heaven?"

"It cannot do so of course. Whatever be the decision of the court, the case remains in the sight of God the same. And this, lady Estelle, whose womanly instincts have never been confused by the sinuosities of law, or the subtleties of theology, feels that her childish marriage, however wrong in itself, was binding in its obligations. Those who assail the legality of that unhappy union, wound her in the tenderest point. And should the Court of Arches decide against it, they will cast upon her a reproach that she will never consent by marrying, to reflect upon any one she loves!" said Barbara, as a sudden and burning blush, for the freedom of her speech, swept over her cheek and vindicated the woman's under the hero's nature. For Barbara was as modest and sensitive as she was frank and brave. She could deeply feel, as well as disregard the pain of speaking upon this delicate subject.

Lord Montressor admired the rare honesty,

DAME HIGGINS WELCOMING LORD MONTRESSOR BACK TO DEVONSHIRE.

courage, and disinterestedness of her really great nature. He paused a few moments before replying, and then said—

"You have given me some food for reflection, Miss Brande. I do not know but that you have been the best exponent of my lady's motives and conduct, with whom I have yet met; although I have talked upon this subject with the Bishop of Exeter, and with the Baron Dazzleright, who both regarded the affair in an opposite light to that in which you view it."

"The reason was, that one was a clergyman, and thought only of the theological aspect; the other a lawyer, and considered wholly the legal appearance; while I, a woman, with only the grace of God to throw light upon my natural instincts, enter heart and soul into all my sister woman's feelings."

"I believe you are right, and, by your showing, Estelle was also very right in reserving herself from my knowledge and pursuit from the moment that our marriage festivities were interrupted."

"Undoubtedly, my lord! Oh, sir! I feel sure that you will yet have cause to bless Heaven that she *did* so—that she was *known* beyond doubt to have done so."

"You may be proved to be right—in case that the Bishops' Bench establish the legality of the first union. But, Miss Brande! since, as it appears, you know Estelle, since you have conversed with her, and received her confidence, you must also be aware that the doubt which rests upon the legality of her first marriage, is not her only reason for sequestering herself."

"I know it; but it is the most important one; let it be removed, and it rests with your lordship to make her forget or forsake the other. *And you will do so.*"

Lord Montressor smiled. There was something so confident, so animating, so inspiring in the cheerful faith of this good and brave girl. He greatly needed more satisfaction in regard to Estelle, but he felt that he could not in justice or generosity seek intelligence of Barbara, who had said that to give him more information on the subject would involve a breach of confidence.

He cordially expressed his gratitude for the friendly interest she had taken in his cause, and with a promise to repeat his visit, bade her adieu. He returned to his hotel to reflect upon his future course.

The next day he called up his valet, and said—

"Go and search for a vessel about to sail for England."

"My lord, the vessel in which we came, the Petrel, is bound for Liverpool in a few days," replied the man.

"Ah! is that so? Miss Brande told me nothing of the sort yesterday. However," added his lordship, mentally, "we were too closely engaged in talking of another matter."

"It is true, however, my lord; the Petrel is advertised for Liverpool."

"Oh! yes probably Miss Brande took it for granted that I had seen the notice, and knew all about it. Go down to the docks, then, and secure berths in the Petrel. Or, stay—remain here, and pack up; I will go down to the vessel to engage a passage," said Lord Montressor, who was not only well pleased to have this excuse for visiting Barbara, but also delighted with the prospect of returning to England in her vessel and her company.

A rapid walk brought him to the docks. A little skiff took him alongside the Petrel, upon the deck of which stood the handsome amazon, busily engaged in giving her orders.

The sun on this November day shone down brightly and hotly on the harbor and the shipping, and fell directly upon the stately form of Barbara, as she stood bare-headed upon the deck. No sea breeze now lifted her tresses, but her raven black hair lay rippling and glistening in purpleish lustre under the beams of that tropical sun, that seemed not to burn, but only to ripen her luscious southern beauty. The rich bloom of her complexion rivalled that of the ruddiest tropical fruit. And in hue like the purple glow of grape tendrils, were the tresses of her hair against those pomegranate cheeks. The broad and massive forehead, the well-defined black brows, the strong flashing eyes, the straight high nose, firm though rounded lips, and, above all, the erect, elastic carriage; the fearless, resolute look; and the clear, resonant voice, gave a character of strength and energy to a style of beauty otherwise too voluptuous. Her costume evinced her usual disregard to every quality in dress, except its fitness, and consisted of the customary grey serge gown and sacque.

She was engaged in giving directions in regard to the stowing of some freight. On seeing Lord Montressor coming up the starboard gangway, she advanced with a smile and an extended hand to meet him.

"Good morning, Lord Montressor. I am *very* glad to see you."

"Not so glad as I am to stand before you, I dare be sworn, Miss Brande."

"Ah! but to have returned so soon you must have had a motive. Now, how can we serve you, Lord Montressor?"

"You are going to England?"

"Yes, sir; it is the best thing that I can do! I am going to Liverpool to take a cargo of sugar and molasses, and probably to bring back one of Manchester dry goods. Can I do anything for you in England?"

"You can take me thither."

"Ah! you have decided on going home?"

"I have, after mature deliberation, determined to return to England and await the action of the Spiritual Court, if, indeed, the action has not been arrested by the intelligence of the death of Monsieur L'Orient."

"And if it has, you will cause the proper parties to set it going again?"

"Perhaps," replied Lord Montressor.

"At all events I am glad that you have decided on going to watch the progress of the affair, my lord, and *very* glad to have the pleasure of your company on the voyage," said Barbara, with such cordial sincerity, that her whole warm countenance glowed with the light of the happiness she expressed.

"I thank you very earnestly; and, believe me, the satisfaction you express is much more than reciprocated by myself! I would have waited some time and foregone many other good things for the pleasure of sailing with you, Miss Brande," replied Lord Montressor, heartily, regarding the handsome creature before him with an honest admiration, free from the slightest alloy of covetousness. He could appreciate her noble beauty and unique attractions without the least wish to appropriate them.

This Barbara instinctively knew. Hence her frank cordiality of friendship.

"Good, then! we are both well pleased," she said, laughing and extending her hand.

The preliminaries of the passage were then settled, and Lord Montressor seeing that the girl was excessively busy in superintending the taking in and stowing away of the freight, bade adieu and returned to his hotel. And the third morning from this, being the twentieth of November, and a fine day, the Petrel, having on board Lord Montressor and his attendants, set sail for Liverpool.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

"There was on both sides much to say,
They'd hear the cause another day.
And so they did, and then a third
They heard it, and so kept their word.
But with demurrers and replies,
Long bills and answers filled with lies,
Delay, imparlance and assoign,
The judges ne'er could issue join;
For many years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun."
DEAN SWIFT.

As all the readers of this true history may not acknowledge the same grand passion for the sea, possessed by Barbara Brande and her present biographer, I will spare them the description of the voyage to Liverpool, merely saying, by the way, that the passage was pleasant, quick, and prosperous. And that in five weeks from the day of sailing, the Petrel on the twenty-fourth of December, Christmas eve, cast her anchor in the harbor of Liverpool.

A flood of business immediately overwhelmed Barbara.

Lord Montressor took leave of Miss Brande, and promising to see her soon again, he left the vessel, took a cab, drove to the Metropolitan Railway Depot, threw himself on board the first train of cars, and steamed away to London, where he arrived early the same evening.

He directed his servants to convey his baggage to Gerard's Hall, Aleyn's Lane, then entered a carriage, and drove immediately to the bachelor establishment of Baron Dazzleright, in Berkeley Square. He was very fortunate in finding Lord Dazzleright at home. He sent up his card and was shown into the library, where in a very few minutes he was joined by the advocate.

Lord Dazzleright advanced, eagerly extending both hands, and saying—not only with his tongue, but with his eyes, his smile, and his whole attitude and expression—

"Good Heaven! my dear fellow, I am so glad to see you!"

And he grasped his lordship's hand and squeezed it, and without waiting for him to speak, asked, hurriedly—

"What was the last news you received from England, previous to setting out on your return?"

"News? None, except through the public prints. I have not had a letter from England since I left her shores."

"Why, how was that? We wrote frequently, anxiously."

"I suppose there was no chance of my receiving letters. I left England, as you know, about the middle of last June. I reached the United States the first of September; left it for the West Indies the tenth of October; reached Havana the first of November; left that port on the twentieth, and here I am!"

"Ah! I see how it is! You have run away from our letters that have never been able to overteke you. But—first of all, have you seen *her*?"

"No."

"Have you heard of her?"

"I will tell you," said Lord Montressor. And forthwith he commenced and related the history of his long search and only partial success.

"Then we certainly have a clue that if firmly held and followed will lead to her recovery."

"We have a clue; but I am under parole, not to follow that clue until the decision of the Court of Arches is made known."

"Humph—humph—humph," muttered Lord Dazzleright—"and you know nothing?"

"Of her residence—no, nothing except that she lives in strict seclusion, and is believed to enjoy some degree of health and tranquillity."

"Ah! I was not just then thinking of *her*, though she generally occupies my thoughts to the exclusion of all other subjects."

"Of what then were you thinking?"

"Of what had occurred at this side of the water. But you say you have heard nothing?"

"Nothing, but public news through the public prints! What *can* you mean, my friend?"

"I will tell you! but sit down! sit down! Bless me, you have been standing hat in hand, like the collector for a charity, all this time! sit down."

Lord Montressor sank into a seat.

Lord Dazzleright went and pulled the bell-tassel, and when the next moment a servant entered he gave the brief order—

"Supper an hour hence, in this room." For Lord Dazzleright was one of those Englishmen who never could separate the idea of conversation from that of eating and drinking.

"Now then to business!" he said, returning and seating himself near Lord Montressor. "First permit me to congratulate you upon the fortunate circumstance that you *did not* succeed in meeting Estelle."

"Why, in the name of wonder, do you congratulate me upon any such misfortune?" inquired Lord Montressor, in astonishment.

"I deny that it *was* a misfortune! I contend that it was a providential blessing—and that the misfortune would have been to have met Estelle."

"Explain yourself! why should it have been such, to have found the beloved one whom I went to seek?"

"Because it might possibly have happened that that beloved one, worn out by importunity might have rejoined you."

"And what calamity would have followed then?" inquired Lord Montressor, ironically.

"Just, simply ruin!"

"RUIN!"

"Ruin; unless you like a stronger word better!"

"A stronger word!"

"Yes! there is such a one—listen!" and Lord Dazzleright uttered the single syllable—"shame!"—close to the ear of Lord Montressor, who started as if struck by a bullet.

"This is not so!" he said. "Come, my friend, let us leave exaggerated views of what might have been, and talk quietly of what *is*. In the first place—as you have heard—Monsieur L'Orient is dead."

"You are certain of it?"

"I was present when he was picked up from the sea. I identified his body and assisted at his funeral."

"He is therefore not likely to re-appear and claim Estelle."

"I should think not!"

"But I had rather hear you say that you are *sure* not! After the lesson we received from that gentleman on the danger of taking things for granted, it is better that we should proceed only upon certainties."

"Then I am *sure* that Monsieur L'Orient will give us no more trouble."

"Very well then! *circumstances alter cases!* that fact of Monsieur L'Orient's ascertained decease changes the whole face of affairs, and the whole policy of proceeding!"

"I listen to hear further," said Lord Montressor.

"As Monsieur L'Orient can never re-appear to claim his hapless victim, we must now go to work and establish the validity of his marriage with her!"

"*What!*"

"Certainly! To establish his marriage will not *now* be as *once* it would have been—to raise up an insurmountable obstacle to your own! since the same decision that will declare Estelle to have been Victoire's wife—will prove her now to be his widow!"

"Yet still I do not see the necessity of pushing this affair through the Spiritual Court, since the decision of that court can in do degree alter the position of the facts as they now stand," said Lord Montressor, whose honest soul was concerned for realities rather than appearances.

"It is necessary to redeem the name of Estelle from unmerited reproach—nay, more, it is necessary for your own honor."

"I cannot feel that my honor or hers rests, or ever could rest, upon the chances of a decision of the Court of Arches, or any other court upon earth."

"Hem! you would not wish it said that you had married Monsieur Victoire L'Orient's——"

"SILENCE, SIR!" thundered Lord Montressor, growing livid with emotion.

"——Victim,—would you?" concluded Lord Dazzleright, heedless of the interruption.

"Dazzleright! Dazzleright! you abuse my forbearance."

"You would not like to have that said? I know you would not. But then, again, you had not looked at it in that light? I thought not! Now, however, you perceive that it is necessary for Estelle's sake, as well as for your own, that her name be redeemed from unmerited reproach by the establishment of the validity of the marriage! We must go to work as fast as we can and prove that, after which you may woo and wed the widow."

"Dazzleright! Dazzleright! you are usually styled the best lawyer in England!"

"Mine honorable friend, the best lawyer in England is he who best knows how to use the legal tools," replied Lord Dazzleright, laughing.

"You yourself took the ground that the childish marriage of Estelle was illegal—to use your own expression, entirely 'null, void, and of none effect!' You even *proved* it to be so!—proved it by law, testimony, and precedents!—proved it to the satisfaction of Sir James Allan Parke, of the Bishop of Exeter, of the Reverend Mr. Oldfield, and of myself!—in short, to the satisfaction of everybody, except Estelle."

"Which you think would make it very awkward for me now to go to work and prove the same marriage to be perfectly legal, valid and binding! to prove this by as strong 'law, testimony and precedent!'—to prove it, if necessary, 'to the satisfaction of Sir James Allan Parke, of the Bishop of Exeter, of the Reverend Mr. Oldfield,' of yourself, and of all others, not excepting Estelle! Not at all! It will be the easiest thing in life! My dear sir, a lawyer who knows his business can, by a judicious application of 'law, testimony and precedent,' prove or disprove anything that he may be required to establish or to overthrow. In law, 'those who bind can loose,' those who loose can bind! I will undertake to establish before the Court of Arches, the marriage of Miss Morelle and Monsieur L'Orient to have been perfectly legal, binding, and indissoluble, except by crime or death!"

"Oh! Dazzleright! Dazzleright!"

"Of course, having once successfully assailed and overthrown that marriage before one court, I cannot consistently support it before another! But I can find a lawyer of talent and character, and can arm him with my argument, so that he shall be able to do it."

"Oh! Dazzleright! Dazzleright!"

"My conscientious client, you never worked your way up from the position of a provincial pettifogger's clerk to that of a Baron of the Exchequer, or you would certainly have learned something of the infinite possibilities of the law for those who know how to avail themselves of its advantages. The law is the most exact of all *sciences* in *theory*—the most uncertain of all *arts* in *practice*. All depends upon the application of its powers. In law, we can do or undo just what we please," said the best lawyer in England.

"Oh, Dazzleright! Dazzleright! well named Dazzleright!"

"Hist! here comes Johnson to lay the cloth for supper," said the Baron as that functionary appeared.

Lord Montressor arose and paced up and down the floor, saying to himself—

"Thank God my sweet Estelle knows nothing of this worldly wisdom, this doubling and twisting, this steering by expediency! She has no hand in it, is not responsible for it, is indeed totally ignorant of it. From first to last, through all this veering and trimming of others, *she* has held her pure, high, straightforward course, her path of duty, of self-denial, self-immolation!" And by contrast with these time servers she seemed so true, so holy, and so lovely, that his feeling for her, took the form of prayer, and he stood in perfect silence before the window, until the cheery voice of Lord Dazzleright summoned him to the table.

"Tell me one thing!" said Lord Montressor as he took his seat at the board, "tell me for the satisfaction of my old friendship for you,—how you could conscientiously seek to overthrow Estelle's first marriage unless you believed it to have been illegal?—and if you believe it to be so how can you possibly seek now to establish it?"

"I will tell you—as you said a lawyer's opinion or a Judge's decision cannot in the slightest degree alter the moral aspect of any case. Now the moral aspect of that case, to me, was this:—that no sinner should be allowed to take advantage of his own sin—that Monsieur Victoire should not be permitted to carry off a woman of which he had so dishonestly possessed himself;—if there was any law to prevent him from doing so! And of course I knew that there was plenty of law for that, as for most other purposes, good or evil. And I determined to use the law. As for the legal character of that marriage—there was so much to be said on both sides, that really, had my own feelings been disinterested, I should have found it difficult to have taken up with zeal, *either* side; but my sympathies were strongly enlisted, and I went to work with all my heart and soul to save Estelle

from the talons of the vulture Victoire. Now that the bird of prey is dead—though neither the moral nor the legal aspect of that fatal marriage is altered by that circumstance, any more than it could be by the decision of a court—yet my policy is changed—it is now expedient, for the reasons heretofore stated, that I use the powers of the law to establish the validity of the marriage, which it was then expedient that I used the same powers to overthrow. Then I was compelled to choose between two evils—now I advocate a positive good."

"Thank God, Estelle is innocent of the knowledge of your policy! I can bear this system of expediency in *you*. I can even thank you for it, and admit that there is a sort of worldly wisdom in it! Nay, more—I can accept your congratulations upon my disappointment in failing to meet Estelle! And I can rejoice in the knowledge of never having passed one moment alone with her since our marriage ceremony! For, indeed, scarcely to save my own soul alive, would I bring upon her stricken young head one shadow of reproach! I will await the action of the Arches' Court."

"And then?"

"If that court pronounce her first, infantile marriage to have been, as I was led to believe, illegal, it follows that the second one was legal, and that Estelle is my lawful wife. If, on the contrary, they adjudge it to have been valid—still by the death of L'Orient, Estelle is free—I should woo and wed her. That is all."

"Except that in the latter case Estelle would be freed from the sign of blame!"

"She is free from that in either case! She was innocent of the intention of wrong doing!"

"Assuredly, but the world judges *acts*, not intentions."

Lord Montressor made a movement of impatience, and then said—

"Since L'Orient, at whose suit the action was brought before the Arches' Court, is dead—at whose instance is that suit now carried forward?"

"At her father's."

"At her father's!"

"At Sir Parke Morelle's."

"He has returned to England, ?"

"And to his right mind, which is better still."

"You amaze me! Is he reconciled to his unhappy young daughter, then?" inquired Lord Montressor, in astonishment.

"Easy—easy—do not be in a hurry. You said that Estelle was in Maryland, North America. Now Sir Parke has but just returned from Italy, and is spending his Christmas at Hyde Hall, Devonshire. How is it possible they should be now reconciled?"

"By an epistolary correspondence I should think it might have been done."

"But it has not been done! Sir Parke does not even know where she is, or anything of her movements since the trial, except that which we learned from yourself, namely, that she embarked for America. He is exceedingly anxious for a meeting and a reconciliation with her. He is too proud and fastidious to advertize even with caution and disguise; but he has despatched a confidential agent to America to seek her out."

"'A needle in a haystack!' Does he expect so to find her on that vast continent?" exclaimed Lord Montressor, impatiently, for he remembered that but for Sir Parke's unnatural severity and too late repentance, the poor "stricken deer" might now be safe in the covert of her father's house.

"Yes! he hopes his agent will find her even on that 'vast continent!' Sir Parke, like most untraveled English country gentlemen, looks upon the 'vast continent' of America as a 'vast' wilderness, with only a few coast towns such as Boston, New York, and the like, whose population might be soon sifted by an intelligent "detective." That now, in spite of geography and newspapers, is the cherished idea of Sir Parke."

"Pshaw!"

Lord Dazzleright laughed.

Lord Motressor arose, and looked steadily into the eyes of the advocate.

"What do you suppose, Dazzleright, to be the cause of Sir Parke Morelle's change of feelings and purposes towards his daughter?"

"We might readily suppose Dame Nature to be the fundamental cause. Surely, his present relenting is more natural than his former severity towards her."

"Sir Parke is not a man to be governed by his natural affections."

"Perhaps not *always*. But in this case, what is left him but revision of his former sentence against Estelle? Has he any other daughter?—has he any son?—has he even a neice or nephew, or any other heir to his vast estate?"

"It is true, he has not; you put the point pertinently. Yet, that circumstance alone would not sway his conduct! The opinion of the world is the breath of his nostrils."

"Eureka! you have found it!"

"Then I am more confounded than ever! being at a great loss to know how his love of the world should move him in favor of her whom the world has forsaken."

"There you are mistaken. Most people *are* confounded, who reason from false premises. The world did not forsake Estelle! Estelle forsook the world; you pursued her in such hot haste, as not to have first discovered this fact?"

"What do you tell me!" exclaimed Lord Montressor, in a sort of glad surprise and incredulity.

"That there is not a woman in England more beloved and respected by those from whom love and respect are most valuable, than our Estelle."

"Dazzleright! this cannot be so! The world is not so just to the unfortunate."

"The world, like the devil, is not half so black as it is painted. 'Listen! reaction is commensurate with action.' It was inevitable, at first, when the suddenness and enormity of the charge brought against Estelle had shocked her friends and acquaintances from their propriety, that she should have been regarded with abhorrence. But when that panic was past; when people had time to become composed and thoughtful; and, above all, when the simple FACTS developed and proved upon the trial had replaced the exaggerated *fictions* of gossip; and when it was understood that Estelle had, from the moment of her arrest at the altar, reserved herself from the presence of Lord Montressor, and had, as soon as possible, withdrawn herself from his knowledge, there was a mighty reaction in her favor."

"Thank God! Oh, thank God for that! Thank God that the public were able to know Estelle and do her justice!" exclaimed Lord Montressor, who, though in heart might despise the fluctuations of popular opinion for himself, yet dreaded it for Estelle.

"Thank God for all things, and the world for nothing," replied Dazzleright; "Estelle's whole life of goodness was not to be abrogated by one storm of calumny! That was a crisis in which the power of her own personal righteousness saved her. Your own name, character, reputation and popularity also served her well!"

"Whatever of good repute, or 'golden opinions' I possessed were at her service—were under her feet, if that would have saved them from the burning plough-shares!" said Lord Montressor, fervently.

"Unscathed she passed those fiery plough-shares. Her trial over, people judged her, in some sort, as you and I judge her. Her beautiful Christian life, the facts elicited on her trial, her subsequent self-sacrifice, all tended to draw back to her esteem and affection. All whose good opinion is worth having, love and revere her. Even the envious and malignant dare not traduce her, lest their motive become too apparent. And now I say, as I said in the beginning, there is not a woman in England more sincerely esteemed than Estelle. Sir Parke Morelle, restored in some degree to his reason, came back to find this state of feeling prevailing. It affected, it influenced, it governed him. He resolved to seek and call home his wandering child. If his resolution needed confirming, it received confirmation. Estelle's misfortunes had moved sympathy in the highest quarters—Sir Parke and Lady Morelle attended the first drawing-room of the season. It was unusually brilliant, and so crowded that royalty could vouchsafe but a word or two to each passing aspirant for notice. Lady Morelle's turn came; judge the effect when Queen Adelaide—her goodness is proverbial—inquired graciously after the health of Lady Morelle's daughter, expressing regret at not seeing her present! This was done for a purpose, and it effected its object. Ladies of the most ancient peerages—of a nobility indubitable and redoubtable, who can do as they please, because it is impossible for them to do wrong—followed now the royal lead. The more timid, though not less well-disposed, brought up the rear. You understand this was not done all at once at the drawing-room—though thence the fiat issued—thence the impetus was given. Even the most cowardly were not afraid to venture where royalty had gone before!"

"But Sir Parke! Lady Morelle! what reply could *they* make, good Heaven! when asked for their hapless daughter? Some such answer I suppose as Cain gave when asked for his brother!"

"Humph! they just replied that she was in America, and they sent out a confidential agent there to seek her! Eh bien! you comprehend that the ordeal is well past!"

"Thank God!" fervently ejaculated Lord Montressor.

"Amen—and long live Queen Adelaide!" replied Dazzleright.

Lord Montressor looked around.

"What do you want?" inquired Lord Dazzleright.

"My hat."

"You are not going?"

"Yes."

"Oh, no! here are some famous cigars—stop and try them."

"Cannot. I am down into Devonshire by the midnight train! Good bye!"

"But you are not going, certainly?"

"Absolutely and instantaneously! I shall not even first return to my hotel, as it is now eleven o'clock, and the Western train starts at twelve. So I will tax your kindness to send one of your men to Gerard's, to direct my people there to follow me by the next train, if you will do me the favor."

"Certainly; but you have not said to what point in the great county of Devon I shall direct the fellows."

"You surely know! I am off to see Sir Parke Morelle at Hyde Hall. Tell them to put up at the 'Morelle Arms,' Hyde."

"Humph! Do you know that I was due there to eat a Christmas dinner to-morrow? So it may ensue that I shall follow you to assist at that grand pow-wow that must come off to-morrow evening."

"I shall be very well satisfied if you do! Shall I say to Sir Parke that you will come?"

"If you please?"

"Good bye, then," said Lord Montressor, extending his hand.

"Bon voyage!" replied the other, pressing the proffered member.

And so the companions parted.

Lord Montressor re-entered the cab that had, during his visit, waited at the door, and gave the order—

"To Western Railway Depot."

The cabman drove on, and in due season reached this place.

Lord Montressor entered the cars which were on the eve of starting, and soon found himself whirled onward towards the Western Grand Junction which near day-break he reached.

Here he left the cars for the mail-coach that daily passed the village, which was the point of his destination.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHRISTMAS IN THE VILLAGE.

"The misletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly-branch shone on the old oak wall,
The baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
Keeping their Christmas holiday.
Oh! the misletoe bough!
Oh! the misletoe bough!"
OLD SONG.

The sun was rising when the mail-coach arrived at the little hamlet of Hyde, and drew up before the "Morelle Arms."

Bright and gay with misletoe and holly was the little Inn.

Busy and cheerful was the buxom little landlady. Bustling she hurried out to welcome any chance guests that the mail might have brought her. Evidently she expected some one—probably Lord Dazzleright, for Hyde Hall, so anxious and scrutinizing were the glances she sent into the interior of the coach. Her honest countenance beamed with joy at seeing Lord Montressor alight. Yet still she looked for some one to come after him.

No one followed. The stage-coach drove on.

The little landlady curtseyed.

"Welcome back to Devonshire, my lord! Walk in, my lord! This way, my lord! Would your lordship choose breakfast?" she inquired, with busy, respectful solicitude.

Yes, his lordship would take breakfast, and afterwards a post-chaise to Hyde Hall.

The little landlady bustled out to obey his orders; and then bustled back again to lay the cloth for breakfast. Her cheerful face was now disturbed by anxiety. She cast furtive, searching glances into Lord Montressor's thoughtful, abstracted countenance—and quickly withdrew them in fear of discovery. In fact, the little body would have given the world, or at least her share in it—"Morelle Arms"—to have the privilege of inquiring after her nurseling, Estelle. On observing Lord Montressor alight from the coach, she had naturally looked to see him hand *her* out, thinking that they were both together, and both going to spend Christmas with the lady's parents up at the Hall. She could not understand why "my lord" should be *en route* alone, to enjoy Christmas with her family, where she was not. It is true that many contradictory rumors had reached Hyde. But Dame Higgins doubted each and all, and now seeing Lord Montressor, she sighed for Estelle.

When the breakfast was ready she brought it in, and with the hope of hearing something indirectly of her "nurse child," she remained and waited on the table.

"Do you know are the family at the Hall in their usual health, Mrs. Higgins?" inquired his lordship, as he received a cup of coffee from her hands.

"Ah, my lord! begging your lordship's pardon, is it like they should be well? Sir Parke is much broken, and Lady Morelle is not the handsome, youthful looking woman that she was a year ago," said the landlady, shaking her head gravely.

Now Lord Montressor had not asked for or expected this implied reflection upon the family misfortunes, on the part of Mother Higgins. He surmised in himself, a certain indiscretion, in having made any inquiries whatever. He now made no comment upon her communication, but continued perfectly silent.

Not so the landlady. As his lordship had set the example of asking questions, she ventured to follow it.

"I hope my lady was in good health when your lordship came away," said Mrs. Higgins, putting her question in the most polite—that is, in the affirmative, form.

"I thank you—yes," replied Lord Montressor, in a tone and manner that forbade farther encroachments on the part of his hostess.

The little woman therefore occupied herself with waiting on her guest, and held her tongue until again she was spoken with.

"Can I have a chaise from this place to take me over to the Hall, Mrs. Higgins?" at length asked Lord Montressor.

"Indeed, your lordship, I am very sorry, but the chaise has gone to Horsford, this morning, to take over some Christmas visitors that came down from London last night, and it wont be back before noon," replied the landlady, with a look of real regret.

Horsford! How that name recalled the scene of the preliminary investigation! "Ah! Sir George Bannerman, that is a debt that remains to be settled!" thought Lord Montressor.

Observing his lordship's deepened gravity, and attributing it to his disappointment in regard to the chaise, the hostess hastened to add—

"But, my lord, Jenkins has not yet gone home."

"Jenkins?—who may he be?"

"Yes, my lord! Jenkins—Sir Parke Morelle's man, who was sent here from the Hall this morning with the carriage to meet Lord Dazzleright, who didn't arrive."

"And Jenkins, you say, has not gone back with the carriage."

"No, my lord; he is in the kitchen at this present moment, having a rasher and a pot of ale."

"Very well. When Jenkins has finished his repast, be good enough to send him here," said Lord Montressor, rising from the table.

"I will, my lord," she replied, going out to obey.

In a few minutes the coachman from Hyde Hall entered the presence of his lordship.

Here again was a recognition full of painful reminiscences! Jenkins was the gray-haired old man who had driven the carriage containing the bridal party, from the Hall to the church, on that fatal first of May. Lord Montressor had not seen him since that dark day.

The old man stood respectfully, hat in hand, waiting his lordship's commands.

"How do you do, Jenkins? I hope the family at the Hall are well?" were Lord Montressor's first words.

"Hem—m—m, as well as usual, I believe, my lord," replied the aged domestic, hesitatingly, though respectfully.

Lord Montressor then announced that he had come down to visit Sir Parke Morelle, and would be pleased to have a seat in the homeward-bound carriage.

The horses were feeding; but Jenkins would have them put to the carriage immediately; and bowing low, he went out to attend to the matter.

Lord Montressor then called for a room, paid such attention to his toilet as the circumstances admitted, then went below, settled his reckoning, and entered the carriage that waited to take him to Hyde Hall.

This was a fine, clear, bright winter morning. A light snow, that had fallen during the night, just covered the ground, and added to the cheerfulness of the scene. A slight frost, like the embroidering of fine pearls, just touched the trees.

The little village was already gay with Christmas revellings. Misletoe and holly decked many of the doors and windows of the houses each side of the only street, at the head of which stood the "Morelle Arms," and down which the carriage now drove. Neighbors hailed each other; children in troupes ran gayly, with "Merry Christmas," from dwelling to dwelling, or came out thence, with hands, hats, or pinafores full of "goodies."

The carriage leaving the gay village street behind, passed on down the turnpike road leading through the common towards the park.

Just before turning in the great gate they passed the little Gothic church, the scene of Estelle's fatal bridal and subsequent arrest. This was the most painful of all the reminiscences awakened by his return to the neighborhood. The little church was open, and was dressed within and without with misletoe and holly. And some of the most devout among the parishioners had assembled thus early to assist at Divine worship, and were now walking about and conversing cheerfully in the churchyard, while waiting for the hour of service to arrive. Several of the old men took off their hats to his lordship, as the carriage passed.

But Lord Montressor could ill bear this scene with the graphic pictures of the past that it recalled. So bowing gently to their salutations, he quietly put up the blinds of the carriage, gave order to drive faster, and then sunk back into his seat until they had entered the park.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHRISTMAS IN THE DESOLATE HOUSE.

"This holly by the mansion's bourne,
To-day, ungathered shall it stand,
She dwells within the stranger's land,
And strangely comes our Christmas morn.

"So neither song, nor game, nor feast,
Nor harp be touched, nor flute be blown,
Nor dance, nor motion, save alone
What lightens in the lucid east."
TENNYSON.

Having passed the park gates the whole scene was changed. No sign of Christmas festivity was here. No winter wreath of mingled misletoe and holly arched the entrance. No gay troupes of village children carolled their Christmas song as they went up to the Hall to receive from the steward their Christmas gifts of cakes and shillings. All was quiet, sombre, gloomy, as though a recent death in the family had put the household and premises into mourning. The carriage entered the park by the "winter drive," an avenue shaded entirely by gigantic evergreens, and for its continued verdure and close shelter used exclusively in the cold months by this comfort-loving family. Now these dark trees, with their branches meeting overhead, threw a funeral shadow over their way.

As they neared the Hall the gloom deepened. The dark grey front of the mansion was closed and silent. The carriage drew up in front of the great portal. The coachman got down, opened the carriage door, dropped the steps, and Lord Montressor alighted.

The old man then went up and rang the bell, and to the grave footman that opened the door, said—

"John, show his lordship into the black-oak parlor, and take his orders."

John bowed, and as the old coachman withdrew, closed the door behind him, turned and with another bow led the way to a small, snug, but gloomy little sitting room on the same floor, stirred the fire, drew forward an easy chair, and leaving him comfortably seated, went to take up the card.

In a few moments John returned with the request that the visitor would walk up, and straightway preceded him to the door of the morning room, which he opened, announcing—

"Lord Montressor."

Sir Parke and Lady Morelle were seated at opposite corners of the ample fire-place, in the grate of which burned a fine fire of seacoal.

Both were greatly and sadly changed. Worldliness might indeed have chilled their parental affections, and pride might have repressed all utterance of grief or mortification. But that they had suffered deeply, keenly, bitterly, was indelibly impressed upon their faces.

Sir Parke had grown bald and grey; his features were visibly sunken, his form perceptibly shrunken.

Lady Morelle's fair, classic face had lost its firm oval contour, and delicate bloom, and was marked with a light tracery of lines about the brow and eyes.

But both retained their cold and stately self-control.

As Lord Montressor advanced Sir Parke arose and offered him his hand, saying merely—

"I am glad to see you, Montressor."

"Thank you, Sir Parke; that is but just, since I come to you within twenty-four hours of my landing in England," replied the visitor, smiling. Then he passed on to Lady Morelle, who arose coldly and offered her hand.

"I hope I find your ladyship in your usual good health this morning?"

"I am well, sir, and am happy to welcome you back to England," she replied, sinking again upon her sofa to the left of the chimney. Sir Parke resumed his seat on the right of the same. And Lord Montressor took the comfortable easy chair that had been drawn up for him by the footman, in front of the glowing fire. And there he sat with the haughty and reserved baronet, on his right, and the cold and stately lady on his left,—all silent for a few minutes until Sir Parke bethought him, to dismiss the footman.

When they were alone Lord Montressor turned to the baronet, and plunging directly into the subject of all their secret thoughts, said—

"Sir Parke, it has given me the profoundest satisfaction to learn from Lord Dazzleright that you have relented towards your daughter."

The baronet's countenance never changed. He passed his hand once or twice across his thin and sunken lips and then said, slowly and composedly—

"That trial, sir, however deplorable and ever-to-be regretted in itself, nevertheless elicited facts that proved Estelle to be much less blameworthy than she at first appeared. Yes, sir. Such is the judgment of those who rule, and who should rule, public opinion."

To this sentiment Lord Montressor merely bowed while waiting to hear farther.

"Estelle, sir, was but an infant, in bad hands, when she committed that fatal act of disobedience."

Lord Montressor could not exactly understand how Estelle had disobeyed her parents, in marrying Victoire, whom she had never been forbidden to marry; but he let it pass. Sir Parke continued in the same slow, composed manner—

"The calamities growing out of that unhappy event are not to be attributed as crimes to her—the greater sufferer by them."

"I am glad you see it in this light, Sir Parke," said Lord Montressor, at the same time thinking within himself that it was a signal pity he could not have seen it so before borrowing old Queen Adelaide's spectacles.

"We have determined to establish the first marriage," said the baronet, with the cool confidence of an autocrat. "I have talked with my friend, the Archbishop of York, and he thinks with me that it is the only thing to be done."

"But—you are sure of your ground—you are certain that it can be done?"

Sir Parke put down the hand that had been caressing his own chin, turned upon the caviller a look of cool surprise, and said—

"Assuredly, sir! Can there be a question of it? The only obstacle to the validity of that childish union was the lack of my consent. Now I intend to leave it to be supposed that my silence all these years, was the silence of consent. Yes, sir. Had I known of, and felt an opposition to that marriage, I might have broken it up at first. That I failed to do so—from whatever cause—argues my consent. That I allowed it to exist unquestioned, up to the date of the legal majority of my daughter, establishes the marriage. So my friend, the Archbishop, views it. The affair will be heard in chambers. The Court is friendly to my interests. The decision will involve no question of property or of dower, only the honor of my house, which must be redeemed."

"When will the case come on?"

"Very soon. It will be the first cause taken up."

"You have not lately heard from your daughter?"

"Not since her departure for America. I, however, dispatched a messenger after her, from whom I am expecting to hear by every mail," replied Sir Parke, slightly betraying the great uneasiness he felt.

"Then I bring you the latest news of Estelle."

Now both Sir Parke and Lady Morelle had expected this; but were both too cool and self-governed to hazard an inquiry, or manifest anxiety upon the subject.

At Lord Montressor's words, however, Lady Morelle raised her head, and Sir Parke answered—

"Ah, indeed; then I hope, my lord, that you will tell me she is well, and within reach of my agent."

"She was well when I left, and living in retirement, in Maryland."

Sir Parke bowed, and compressed his lips. Lady Morelle flushed, and averted her face. Self-controlled as they were, their increasing anxiety betrayed itself.

Lord Montressor understood its full meaning, and, with his usual strait-forward candor, replied:

"Fear nothing, Sir Parke. Although when I left the shores of England in pursuit of Estelle, I believed her to be my lawful bride; yet, since affairs have taken this unexpected turn, I thank Heaven that I have not seen her from the day she left the protection of her aged pastor, and, moreover, that I had not passed one moment alone with her since leaving the altar."

"That is well," answered Sir Parke, coolly, and in no degree revealing that a great burden of anxiety had been lifted from his mind.

Lady Morelle's countenance resumed its slightly discomposed serenity.

"But it is only fair to inform the parents of Estelle, that when the decision of the Arches' Court is rendered, I shall become a candidate for her hand. Until that time, I am forbidden, of all, to seek her."

Sir Parke bent his head

"You are right, my lord," he said.

Lady Morelle now, also, for the first time, entered into the conversation, by saying—

"You informed us that Estelle was living in retirement, in some part of Maryland. Will you please to designate more exactly the place of her residence?"

"I cannot do so, Madam, since I am not advised of it. Had I been so, it is probable that I should not now be sitting among you."

"Your information, then, is not very precise or satisfactory."

"It is satisfactory, so far as it goes, Madam; though I admit it is not very precise. Permit me to explain,"—and Lord Montressor here related the circumstances of his acquaintance with Barbara Brande, together with the conversations he had held with her upon the subject of Estelle.

"But is this reliable? Is not Estelle the last woman in the world, even in her extremity, to make a confidant of such a she-savage?" inquired Sir Parke.

"Have I, then, been so unjust or incompetent as to give you *that* idea of Miss Brande?—a heroic Christian woman, if ever I saw one!" exclaimed Lord Montressor, warmly.

"A female sailor, at best. But let that pass, Montressor, since you are her apologist. Here comes John from the steward's room."

The footman now indeed appeared and announced—

"The tenants are all arrived, Sir Parke."

"Well!" said the baronet, rising with a dissatisfied air—"I suppose we must show ourselves to them—I suppose they came pouring in hither from the church, eh, John?"

"Church is just out, sir, and they have just dropped in to Mr. Thompson's room, to wish your honor a merry Christmas."

"And to drink a pipe of wine!—very good! Lady Morelle will you go with me?"

"I thank you, no, Sir Parke," said her ladyship, shrugging her graceful shoulders at the thought of meeting the heterogeneous company below.

"And you, Montressor?"

"I will attend you with pleasure, Sir Parke."

"Come, then! It is an old custom, to treat our tenants, on Christmas day, and though I would have well dispensed with their company upon this occasion, and though nothing was said about their coming, you see they have not forgotten it," said the baronet, as they left the room.

"A time-honored custom, worthy to be observed, Sir Parke! and I hope indeed that my bailif at Montressor is not forgetting my children there, at this present time," replied the young peer, who was indeed the patriarch of his own tenants and dependants.

"By the way, can you tell me why Dazzleright has not made his appearance."

"He will be down by the noon train, Sir Parke."

"Ah, indeed, if that is so—John!"

"Yes, sir," said that functionary coming up.

"Tell Jenkins to put the greys to the carriage and go to the 'Arms' to wait for Lord Dazzleright."

"Yes, sir!" and this official disappeared.

They went down another flight of steps and entered the steward's room, where about fifty or sixty persons, men, women and children, were assembled.

The men were all standing for the want of sufficiency of seats to accommodate their numbers; and the women all sitting, with the children gathered at each mother's knee, to be kept out of mischief.

Four moderate sized tables were set out and laden with huge loaves of breadand rounds of beef, great cheeses and mammoth seed cakes—all veritable pieces of resistance.

In one corner, under the direction of the butler, stood two grinning footmen, surrounded by several hampers of wine, and flanked by a stand laden with glasses. One of these worthies was engaged in drawing corks while the other filled the goblets on the stand.

At the opposite end of the room, with his firm feet planted upon the rug, and his broad, responsible back towards the fire, stood Mr. Thompson, the steward, to impose decorum by his majesterial presence.

Upon the entrance of the lord of the Manor and his distinguished guest, this "decorum" grew more decorous—took a higher degree. The flunkies at the hampers stopt grinning. The men all bowed. The women all arose and courtesied.

Sir Parke received their homage graciously.

"I am happy to see you here as usual, my friends. Sit down all of you who can find seats; but you will give the women the preference, I know—— Thompson, see that our good friends lack nothing. Brodie, mind that you do not spare the cellars," said the baronet.

A few of the elder and more privileged among the tenants now advanced, bowed to the guest and shook hands with their landlord, wishing both—

"A merry Christmas and many happy returns of the same."

The first course of wine was then served around. And a grey-haired tenant arose in his place and proposed—

"Our honored landlord, his family, and his guests—may everlasting happiness be theirs!"

This toast was heartily taken up and drank with enthusiasm; for just at Christmas Sir Parke Morelle and his lady were well liked by their dependants—or if they were not, their Christmas cheer *was*, which answered the same purpose.

When the uproar of the toast drinking had subsided, the baronet and his visitor, wishing the assembled people health and prosperity, withdrew, leaving them to their repast.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A PARAGRAPH FOR WOMEN.

At the beginning of the twelfth century, a doctor, named Amauri, of the diocese of Chartres, attempted to renew the doctrine of Aristotle concerning women, declaring them to be imperfect works accidentally proceeding from the hands of God. The Archbishop of Paris, however, convened a council, which declared his doctrine to be heretical; and anathematized Amauri, who having died previously to the decree, his body was disinterred, and thrown into the common sewer. This proceeding gave much satisfaction to the Parisian populace, especially the women; but was scarcely necessary to refute the impertinent assertion of Aristotle and his disciple.

LEVELLERS.—Men who cannot rise, are ever prone to pull down those who do, hoping to mount by their ruin.

LEOLINE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

And my hand, I know it trembled,
To each light warm touch of thine;
Still we are friends, but only friends,
My lost love, Leoline!"
The words have touched me to the heart,
Though they are sad and few;
And all that "Leoline" was to him,
I fain would be to you!

Soon, when a fairer foreign sky
Is arching o'er my head,
You'll look upon these days gone by,—
I shall be as the dead!
Yet give one sigh to the dear old time,
Before you grasp the new;
And all that "Leoline" was to him,
Let me be that to you!

"Still we are friends, but only friends,"
'Tis all that *I* can say;
And clouds are gathering o'er our heads
To sweep even that away!
No room, in a life like mine, for love
So tender and so true;
Yet all that "Leoline" was to him,
I must be that to you!

You'll lean your head on another breast,
Another heart you'll find;
Yet sometimes, in those days of rest,
Let these come back to mind!
Think of me, with the violet,
Our own sweet "flower of blue,"
And all that "Leoline" was to him,
I yet may be to you!

THE DISGUISED ROBBER.

FROM A LAWYER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The following story, told me by an old friend, gave me so much pleasure that I determined to share it with the million readers of the LEDGER. My friend told it in this wise:—

"Not long since I was stopping awhile at Lawrenceburg, Indiana. A former partner of mine had been doing business there, and as matters were pressing I consented to remain and assist him. He was away in Ohio, and I had charge of his office—a very respectable affair, by the way, and delightfully located. Early one morning as I sat alone, with my feet on the desk, engaged in imagining the presence of all sorts of figures in the smoke that curled up from my cigar, the door opened, and a man entered. He was young; not over thirty-five, and I was sure I had seen him before. He bowed, and took a seat.

"Good morning, sir," he said.

"Good morning," I returned.

"Ah—lawyer—is this you?" my visitor uttered, starting up.

"Yes, sir," I told him.

"And don't you remember your old class-mate, Harvey Gibson?"

It was Harvey, sure enough. Good, generous Harvey—only grown a little older, and with a slightly increased rotundity of frame. We shook hands, and were soon talking of old times. But he didn't seem inclined to converse with much spirit.

"How is brother Charley?" I asked him.

"Ah!" he answered, with a sudden clasping of the hands, while a shade of deep pain passed over his handsome face, "that's it. He's in jail?"

"In jail?"

"Yes. In jail! And it is on that account I have come here. Poor Charley! He's in a bad fix, sir!"

I had known Charley Gibson, well. He was five years younger than Harvey—a noble, generous, light-hearted fellow; full of wit and good sense; the centre of joy in any social assembly where he might be; beloved by all who truly knew him; and one of the best looking fellows I ever saw. I was anxious to know what had happened, and Harvey soon enlightened me.

"He has been apprehended for robbery, sir!" my visitor commenced. "Two weeks ago he stopped at a hotel in Indianapolis, and during the night of his stay, a banker who was stopping there was robbed of over a hundred thousand dollars in gold and bank-notes."

"But how came a banker to have such an amount of money with him?" I asked.

"He was on his way to St. Louis with it; and as nearly the whole distance was to be traveled by rail he felt safe to have it with him."

"But how came your brother to be suspected?"

"It's curious, sir—the whole of it," said Harvey. "Charley reached the city late in the afternoon, and went at once to the hotel and engaged a room. Then he went out and transacted some business, and returned about nine o'clock, having eaten his supper at a small cook-shop in another part of the town. He went to the office and got the key to his room, and went up to bed. The apartment was a small one, and had three doors. One opened into a hall—the one by which he had entered. Another opened into a closet; and the third, which was fastened upon the opposite side, seemed to open into another room. He said he took particular notice of the doors, because the room was so much smaller than the ordinary bed-rooms, and because he hence supposed that he had been put into a mere servant's closet, which belonged to a larger and better room. The adjoining apartment was intended for a gentleman and this for his attendant.

"However, Charley concluded to put up with it, and say no more about it. He had at first been tempted to go down to the office and make complaint of the smallness of his room, and the questionable character of his bed; but it was only for one night, and he thought it best to let it go. And so he retired. He secured the door leading to the hall; but in his quandary he forgot the other. It was fastened upon the other side, but still he would have secured it in some way had he thought of it.

"He retired, and blew out his light, and went to sleep. He had slept some time, but not very soundly. He never could sleep well when away from home. When away from that fair and loving companion, who made his life bright and joyous, he could only slumber and dream, and lie awake and ponder. It was some time past midnight when he was startled by hearing some one in his room. He had been sleeping more soundly than usual under the circumstances, and there might have been considerable movement in his room before he awoke. He started up, and was just in time to see a dusky form move from the foot of his bed, where his clothes were, towards the door which led to the adjoining apartment. The moon was up, and there was light enough to see outlines quite plainly.

"Charley leaped from his bed and moved towards the door. He reached it, and opened it just in season to see the same dark form passing through the doorway of the next chamber into the hall. He darted forward; but when he reached the hall he found it dark as Erebus. The only windows were at the extreme ends, and they were curtained. If there had been a lamp burning in the hall, it had been put out. He entered the hall, and then stopped and listened, but he could hear nothing. His first impulse was to follow on. But what was the use? He had not even a sound to guide him, and amid the various entries, halls, and passages he would be sure to lose his way. His next thought was of giving an alarm, but what good would that do? He might raise the whole house for nothing. Perhaps there had been no mischief done—perhaps none intended. He thought he would return, and if nothing had been lost, he would retire again.

"He went back and felt his clothing. Coat, vest, pants, cravat, shirt, and all the rest were there. He looked under his pillow, and there were his watch, his pocket-book, and his pistol. All was safe, and he resolved to seek his rest again. But before doing so, he thought he would see if there was any one in the adjoining room—the one through which he had passed. He went and looked in. He saw a bed, and he was sure there was some one in it. That was enough. He closed the door as easily as possible, and having pulled two chairs and a wash-stand up against it, he once more sought his bed. He was disturbed no more for the night.

"In the morning he arose with the sun. He could sleep no more, and as the air was cool, bracing and fragrant, he concluded to walk out before breakfast. He dressed himself and went down. None of the household were up save one of the hostlers, who had gone out to the stables. So Charley passed out, and having looked around a few moments, he started off towards the river. The sun was just clear of the hill-tops, and the scene was delightful. He reached the river and kept on down its bank. He fell into a train of interesting thought, and walked on. Castle after castle was built, high up in the air, and then demolished, until the sun had been up over an hour. He looked at his watch, and found it two hours. He had no idea he had been gone so long. He turned and hastened back, and when he reached the hotel he found the inmates in wild commotion. He asked what was the matter, and somebody said a great robbery had been committed. He saw the landlord at the door, and hastened forward.

"'What is it?' he asked.

"'Aha!' said the host, and as he spoke he clapped his hand upon my brother's arm, and held him fast. Then he cried out—'*Here he is!*' and upon that two officers came up and informed Charley that he was their prisoner!"

"Well," said I, as my visitor stopped to gain his breath, "What were their grounds of suspicion?"

"Very plain, very conclusive, and very simple. Very simple to others, but very perplexing to poor Charley. The man who occupied the chamber adjoining my brother's was the banker. His name was Jacob Bowers. He had been robbed of over a hundred thousand dollars! There were ten thousand dollars in gold; forty thousand in the notes of various eastern banks; and over fifty thousand in United States Treasury notes, which were good as gold, and negotiable anywhere. The banker swore that he was awakened sometime during the night by a noise in his room, and on looking up he saw my brother just passing from his room into the hall. He stood in the hall a few moments, and then returned and entered his own room. Immediately afterwards he came back and looked towards the bed, as though to assure himself that the banker slept, and then retired and closed the door.

"Mr. Bowers said he was fearful of speaking, lest he might be murdered, so he made no noise to signify that he was awake. When asked why he did not give immediate alarm, he said that he did not dare to. He feared that the robber was watching his movements, and would kill him if he moved. He is a nervous, timid man, and the very last person whom I should have trusted with money where there was danger. But then, as all his traveling was to be by rail, and only that one night at a large hotel, his stern, uncompromising honesty was considered surety enough.

"Charley admitted all that had been sworn to by the banker, and then told his own story. But they must search him. He submitted to this readily. All his pockets were overhauled; his boots removed; his stockings pulled off; but without result against him. They were about to give up, when they noticed that a place had been torn in the lining of his coat, and pinned up. They opened this, and found therein a package of the Treasury notes!—ten thousand dollars!

"You can imagine the result. Charley was away from home—among strangers, where no one knew his character, and all supposed him a villain—seen in the banker's chamber in the middle of the night—passing to and fro, noiselessly and cat-like—peering at the banker's bed, and seeming to listen to see if he slept—up and off in the morning, almost before daylight, and gone nearly four hours—the banker robbed—and part of the money found so carefully concealed in his over-coat! All this, bursting in successive thunder-claps upon him, struck such terror to his soul, that for some moments he was utterly unable to speak. Oh! tell about the guilty man's showing fear, while the innocent can look his accusers boldly in the face! The guilty man is all prepared to meet accusation, and can turn it off with a bold front. The very hardness of heart which helped him do the deed will help him face the accuser. But not so with the innocent man when a heinous crime is laid to his charge. The bare thought of seeming evidence against him, with visions of chains and prison-bolts, takes all power from him. I know there are instances where sudden trepidation signifies guilt. For instance: where the mention of a crime causes it; or where some slight hint pointing towards it causes tremor and alarm. But when it comes to direct accusation, with strong circumstantial evidence, immediately upon the commission of a crime—then the man who is terror-stricken and faint is surely not the villain.

"However, poor Charley's fear was all set down against him, and he was marched off to prison at once. They asked him where he had concealed the rest of the money, but he could only declare his innocence. But they knew better. The evidence against him was positive. In fact, upon mature thought, the banker swore that he saw the prisoner at work upon his carpet-bag! On the very next day he was brought before a jury, and fully committed for trial. He sent for me, and I went to see him. I found him pale and thin, and suffering intensely. His wife does not yet know where he is, unless she has seen the newspaper account. I am afraid she will see that—perhaps she has already seen it. Alas! his case is a hard one!"

"Did you converse with the people there?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And how did they feel?"

"They all look upon him as guilty. The evidence against him is too strong. You see how it stands."

I told him I did. I saw very plainly how direct it all was. And yet I knew that Charles Gibson was innocent. I knew that a guilty man would not have come back with those notes in his coat; and I knew that a guilty man would not have been so excessively frightened at the relation of evidence which he before knew existed; and, above all, I knew that Charles Gipson could not commit such a crime under any circumstances. But how was he to be cleared?

"What circumstance is there that Charley can bring forward to help himself?" I asked.

"Well," returned Harry, with considerable thoughtfulness, "he hasn't much of anything. There are two little circumstances, however, upon which I have been trying to build some sort of a hope; but I can make nothing of them. First: that notorious robber, cut-throat and black-leg, Porter Drake, was seen in the neighborhood of the banker's house, at Cincinnati, on the day before he left. Drake was recognized by several people on that occasion, but made his exit before he could be apprehended. From the manner in which he lurked about Mr. Bowers's premises, it was supposed that he meant to rob him if possible. The second circumstance is this: On the night of the robbery there was a stranger at the hotel who occupied a room near Charley's, and of course near the banker's. On the following morning this stranger disappeared.—He was a tall, muscular man; very stout and corpulent; with an immense black beard all over his face; wearing blue spectacles and a white cravat. His clothes were black, and he had a sort of ministerial air. His room was on the opposite side of the corridor from my brother's, and one or two doors further down. Charley is very positive that the individual he followed from his own apartment on that night must have entered that very room where this stranger stopped. That's all."

"And that is much, if it could be substantiated," I said.

But there was the trouble. No use had yet been made of it, and there was little hope of bringing these things forward in any palpable shape. The case certainly looked dubious; but yet I promised my friend that I would go up and defend his brother to the best of my ability. The trial was to come off in four days, and I promised to set out on the second morning, thus giving myself a day and a half at Indianapolis to look into the case.

Harry Gibson went over the evidence once more, and I saw that it was very strong, and formed a perfect chain between Charley and the crime. But we mutually hoped that "something might turn up," and thus we left for the time. Harry started on his return, and I went about some business I had in hand.

On the morning set for my start there was quite a commotion at one of the heavy mercantile houses. Porter Drake had robbed the store of some ten thousand dollars in money and valuable goods. It must have been he, as he was seen in the place on the evening before; but no trace of him could be found. I could not stop to inquire into particulars, as the cars would start in half an hour.

As soon as I had arranged my business so as to leave it with my clerk, I ran to the station, and was just in season to jump into a car and be taken off. I had blundered into the Ladies' Car, but as there was plenty of room I concluded to remain. We reached Greensburg at half past nine, and while stopping there two passengers came into the car where I sat, and took their places three seats ahead of me upon the opposite side of the passage-way. They were a man and woman. The former was a powerful looking fellow, with a huge rotundity of belly; wearing his jet black beard unshorn; with blue spectacles upon his nose; and dressed in all black save his linen and cravat, which were white.

I was interested in a moment, for I at once recognized the individual whom Harry Gibson had described to me. I knew it must be the man, for he not only answered Harry's description in every particular, but I also knew that just another such man could not be found in that section. I watched him narrowly, and soon convinced myself that he was sailing under false colors. I took out a paper and opened it, and then regarded the man from behind the screen thus formed. Every once in a while he would cast his eyes around to see if he was particularly noticed; but he did not find me looking at him.

Presently he put his hand up to his face and moved his beard. I saw the movement distinctly. It had got a little out of shape, and he had replaced it! That was something. It was something gained for my client. If this was the man who had occupied a room near him on the night of the robbery—and that he was the man I had not the remotest doubt—then the fact of his being disguised was something. But this was not all. I soon discovered that the black hair which curled so daintily about his neck and temples was false.

But my next discovery was more important still. The man put his hand over and rested it on the arm of the next seat, and as he did so, I noticed that the hand was a very nervous and muscular one, and that there was no useless flesh upon it. The veins and cords were sharply defined, and the knuckles were prominent and angular. Such a hand as that could not belong to such a belly as he appeared to have. I knew enough of physiology to know that. Any healthy man with a natural obesity, such as this man seemed to possess, would have had a fat, plump hand, with the nuckles dimpled instead of prominent.

I began to feel nervous, I knew—knew very well—knew as well as I could need to know for my own satisfaction,—that the man before me was utterly, radically, and entirely a different person from what he appeared. If he was a tall, muscular, bony man, with sandy hair, and a deep scar upon the left cheek, then he would answer to the description of the notorious robber, Porter Drake. But how could I have him apprehended?

As soon as I could afford to turn my attention to the man's female companion I gave her a careful scrutiny, and read her character at once. She was an abandoned, profligate woman whom I had seen in the prisoner's box at Cincinnati. I knew her well, her fine clothes, and the lily-powder and rouge upon her face could not hide her from me. I had seen her when on trial for a heinous crime.

That was enough for her!

But fortune had another favor in store for me. We had just stopped at a little station, and were moving on around a curve, when my stout friend pulled a letter from his pocket. It was in a common brown envelope, and as he took out the letter he laid the envelope in his lap. He opened the missive and showed it to his companion, and while thus engaged a puff of wind from an open window took the envelope from his lap and whirled it into the passage close to my seat. I cast my eyes down, and quickly glanced at the fugitive paper. The superscription was up, but I could not decipher it at that distance. I picked it up, and read the name, in a scrawly, vulgar hand, "PORTER DRAKE. *By the hands of Moll Slasher.*" I threw the envelope down and busied myself with my paper as expeditiously as possible. And I was none too soon, for hardly had I gained the other end of my seat, and hidden my face behind the news-print, when the man started up, and came and got the envelope.

I remembered Mistress "Moll Slasher" very well. She was the one I had seen on trial at Cincinnati—the one now before me. And I knew Master *Porter Drake* very well, too. I could see through his disguise now, and read him like a book.

Shortly after this the cars stopped at Shelbyville, and I ran out and spoke to the conducter. I told him what I had found, and asked him to wait until I could find an officer. He told me an officer had just entered the cars to search for Drake, and that another was on the platform to watch the passengers who might get out. I asked him to keep quiet and leave the matter with me. I then went to the rear car, and ere long the officer came out. He was a sheriff, and I knew him well.

"Have you found anything?" I asked him, after we had shaken hands.

"No," he replied. "Drake won't trust himself within my limits."

"But suppose I should tell you that he was in one of these cars now!"

The sheriff thought I was joking.

"Did you see a large, fat man, with huge, black beard, blue glasses, and white cravat?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Did you ever see him before?"

"Yes. He came down on this road over a week ago."

"Wasn't it on Friday?"

The officer thought a moment, and then said it was.

Then, in as few words as possible, I told of my discovery; and promised to explain my business as soon as the cars were in motion. The sheriff called his deputy, and as soon as we were aboard, the conductor gave the signal for starting.

We sat down in the rear car, and I then told the whole story of Charley Gibson's trouble, together with the circumstances of the presence of Drake upon the banker's premises, and the presence of this fat man at the hotel where the robbery had taken place. The sheriff understood it all.

After this we went into the Ladies' Car, and took our seats directly behind the blue-glassed man. My official companion began to "smell the rat" for himself, and ere long he could see the deception.

The train did not stop again until we reached Indianopolis, and there the large man was arrested. He was at first astonished, then indignant, and finally savage. But the presence of a revolver calmed him down, and the handcuffs were slipped upon his wrists, and both he and his fair companion were marched off. When we reached the jail his disguise was stripped off, and we found it as I had supposed. His hair, his beard, and his huge belly, were all false, and when they were removed, we had the notorious robber before us, *in propia persona.* His pockets were then overhauled, and not only were some thirty thousand dollars of the banker's money found upon him, but the letter which I had seen was found and read; and it proved to be from one of his accomplices, announcing that the ten thousand dollars in gold was safe, and that the United States Treasury notes should be disposed of carefully and safely.

I found Harry Gibson at the hotel, and Charley's wife was with him. She was a lovely woman, and well worthy of any man's best faith and devotion. As soon as she knew who I was she sprang forward and caught me by the arm, and asked me if I could save her husband. I told her I could. But was I sure? Oh! I must not give her groundless hopes! I assured her that I had found the true robber, and that he was then in the same prison with Charley. All was safe and sure.

Poor wife! She struggled a few seconds, and then fainted wholly away. But we managed to revive her, and before night she was very happy.

On the following morning I called upon the prosecuting attorney, and he went with me to the jail. We saw the Sheriff, and found that Drake had confessed the robbery. He saw that there was no hope of escape by trial, and to make the matter easier for himself he confessed all. He said he went into the little bedroom which led out from the banker's apartment, and put some of the notes into a coat which hung there, in order to turn suspicion that way.

But there is no need of dwelling much longer upon the affair. At nine o'clock, Charley was brought into the court-room with his hands free, and the complaint against him was withdrawn, on the grounds already set forth.

Half an hour afterwards we were at the hotel—Charley and his wife, and Havey and myself—and we passed a joyous, happy season. The relieved wife was for some time almost tottering upon the verge of insanity; but by degrees the paroxysms wore off, and her joy shone forth undimmed and unclouded. I saw her depart with her husband and Harvey, and I think I never saw more of pure, outbursting gratitude than she manifested towards me. And she had reason for it, though the result made me as happy, comparatively, as it had her.

Master Porter Drake was shortly afterwards tried, and is now engaged in laboring for the State; in consideration of which labor he recieves his food and clothing, and a very snug, cosy little apartment, into which thieves and robbers cannot break to filch away his effects.

THE WORTH OF AN ATTORNEY.

Perhaps no person is so likely to judge rightly of an attorney's value, dead or alive, as one of the learned of the law. His actions are seen, as it were, in a mirror, when he suspects not that they are reflected and observed. The grasping cupidity in his acts when draining the distressed are noticed and noted down on the tablet of the understanding, and when he dies he is often unregretted, as a thing better put out of the way. In 1791 an attorney died in Dublin in such distressed circumstances that a subscription was set on foot by the barristers and attorneys, for the purpose of raising a fund sufficient to bury him. Toler, who was then Solicitor-General for Ireland, was asked by a member at the bar to join the shilling subscription; when, looking earnestly at the learned gentleman, he said, "A shilling?—what, only a shilling to bury an attorney? There is a guinea—go, bury one-and-twenty; few will regret their being *properly* disposed of." This truism became often a subject of merriment at the assize table, and like many others from Toler, became a proverb. In 1800 Toler became Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and amongst other anecdotes related of him, the following is not the least characteristic. A fine piece of hung beef having taken his attention at table, he said to a gentleman near whom it was placed, "That hung beef looks well, I should like to try it." "If you *try* it," said the carver, "it will be *sure to be hung.*"

A SNAKE.—In the steep bank of the river here, says a traveler up the Missouri, were nests of innumerable swallows, into one of which a large prairie snake had got about half his body, and was occupied in eating the young birds. The old ones were flying about in great distress, darting at him, and vainly endeavoring to drive him off. A shot wounded him, and being killed, he was cut open, and eighteen young swallows were found in his body.

MAKE DRUDGERY DIVINE."

BY AUGUSTA HERBERT.

Sad brother, sad sister, your lot may be harder than you know how to describe; full of more discouragement than you know how to bear; but there is a way in which you can render it honorable, and cause it to earn for you a crown far brighter than that which is worn upon the brow of any earthly king.

Is the work at which you must labor day by day such as is utterly distasteful to you?

Try, then, and do it, as unto God—no matter how servile it may be, if it be done to Him, He will accept it.

Are you poorly paid? Have courage and patience; He will reward you, in His own bountiful fashion, when the *set time* is come.

Do your employers bind heavy burdens, and then withhold even the easily uttered word of praise when they have been well borne? Never mind. There is One who *will* praise you when the day is over.

Have lovers and friends forsaken you?—do you walk *alone* through life? Ah! this *is* bitter; but it may be borne; for He hath said, "*I* will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" and in Him are all human loves combined, with infinitely more and better love.

Would that ye *might* take strength and courage from such thoughts as these, ye "earth-undone" ones. Oh! poor and needy ones, if the noon has no brightness in it, and the morn no cheer—if all that you have on earth to look for is to toil, and toil for scanty daily fare and nightly shelter, *surely* you *need* to have some "anchor" to your souls. Oh! seize on that which is "sure and steadfast,—which reacheth within the vail." There is a reason for your poverty and desolation; were it not so, you would not be called upon to suffer them; bear them as unto God; suffer for Him, and that will make it sweet. Take heart from the thought that the fashion of this world passeth; do well the humble duties of your lot, and wait until the call comes at which you are to drop your uncongenial toil, your wearied and worn body, and your sorrowful heart, and go, shouting and singing, up to the home where you "are waited for," and where all the miseries of this present time shall be forgotten utterly, or remembered only to add to the melody of your songs of delight and praise.

A HOME WITHOUT A DAUGHTER.

Boys may not lack affection, but they may lack tenderness. They may not be wanting in inclination to contribute their quota to the Paradise of Home, but they may be wanting in the ability to carry out their inclination. The son of a household is like a young and vigorous sapling—the daughter is like a fragile vine.

We know a home which once rejoiced in the sunny smiles and musical accents of an only daughter. She was a lovely child—womanly beyond her years:—

"Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy!"

The child never breathed who evinced a more affectionate reverence, or a more reverential affection for her parents than did she. Instead of waiting for their commands she anticipated them—instead of lingering until they made known their wishes, she studied their wishes out. Morning broke not in that household until she awoke—the night was not dark until her eyes were closed. How they loved her! did her father and her mother; and of how many blessed pictures of the future was she the subject.

"It is a fearful thing that Love and Death dwell in the same world," says Mrs. Hemans. "Fearful!" It is maddening—it is a truth that is linked with despair.

Suddenly, like a thief in the night, there came a messenger from Heaven for the child—saying that the Lord had need of her. She meekly bowed her head—and, at midnight, "went forth to meet the Bridegroom." The last minute of the last hour of the last day of last month was hallowed by her death. She went and came back no more!

Years have worn away since then, but still there is agony in the household whose sun went down when she departed. The family circle is incomplete—there is no daughter there! The form that once was hers reposes among the congenial charms of nature and art; they have made the place of her rest beautiful. If the grass grows rank upon her grave, it is because it is kept wet with tears.

Of a truth, "a home without a girl in it is only half blest; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fire-side, are like roses in Sharon."

BE KIND.

Gentle words and pleasant smiles,
They are easy given;
And their influence beguiles
Care-worn hearts, and reconciles
Friends assunder riven.

THE PROMISES.

"Yes, my child," said the dear old divine, "always remember, as you go through life, that the promises of the Bible are as much yours, and for your particular need and encouragement, as if there were but *one* copy of that Holy Book in the whole world, and God had given that one into your possession to be used for your private and sole benefit.

"Stick close to that Guide; let that Comforter support and console you; and then, come what may of sorrow and misfortune, you can never be entirely miserable or desolate.

"When you come to 'the waters,' you will find in the Bible a portion which will sustain you there; when you reach the 'fire,' there will be directions which will help you through in safety; while you walk in the valley of humiliation, there is a passage for you there; and as you enter the 'shadow of Death,' you need fear no evil, for there you will find revealed the Rod and the Staff which shall comfort you.

"Oh! blessed, blessed Bible! Stick close to that, my child, and your welfare is secure." A. M.

BETTER THAN RICHES.

When in the diet of the German Empire, as Camerarius relates, the princes were once displaying their felicity, and each boasting the advantages of his own dominions, one who possessed a country not remarkable for the grandeur of its titles, or the fertility of its soil, rose to speak, and the rest listened between pity and contempt, till he declared, in honor of his territories, that he could travel through them without a guard, and, if he was weary, sleep in safety upon the lap of the first man whom he should meet; a commendation which would have been ill-exchanged for the boast of palaces, pastures, or streams.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.—Love often re-illumes his extinguished flame in the torch of jealousy.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DREAM-LAND.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWN.

In the beautiful halls of my Poet-dreams
I sit, palm-crowned and alone—
And hear the waves of the passionate world
Beating against my throne;
Or far in the sea-blue hollows of night,
With a sorrowful sob and a moan,
Bruising a life, and breaking a heart,
On every jagged stone!

I look through my antique palace-doors
To the isles in the purple sea,
Where over the crimson coral reefs,
To the pale sands gloriously,
The waves are bright with the shining steps
Of the Angels that visit me!
Of the beautiful souls from the twilight land
That come, in dreams, to me!

ELLEN LANE.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

"Say, little girl, what do you ask a-piece for these apples?"

The speaker was a rosy-cheeked little boy, who had just come bounding from a printing office, and stopped before the stand of a little girl who sold apples.

"Penny for these; and two cents for these red-cheeked ones, sir."

"For *all* of them, do you charge but a penny, or is it a penny a-piece that you mean?" said the lad, mischievously.

"A-piece, sir," replied the little girl.

"I'm not a man, so you needn't say 'sir' to me; but, here, give me four two-cent apples."

The child selected four of her most beautiful apples for her customer, who, meanwhile, stood regarding her with considerable interest. And it was a face of no ordinary attraction that the lad looked upon. A child-like and innocent expression, such as is unfortunately not often seen on the features of street children, added to the charms of her fair and dimpled countenance. Her hair was as soft and golden as the sunset clouds sometimes are, and it hung in clusters of curls, flowing about her rosy cheeks and chubby shoulders. She was the prettiest little apple girl that Dick Forest ever saw.

"Your cheeks are as red as your apples, little girl," he said, "and no wonder, standing out here in the sun and wind all day. If you was my sister, I wouldn't like to have you selling apples in the street. Do you go to Sunday School?"

"No; I've got no time. I have to sell apples for Mrs. Brown."

"But it's *wicked* to sell apples on the Sabbath-day. Don't you know that?"

"Well, I can't help it, if it *is* wicked. I sell as many again apples Sunday, as I do any other day; and Mrs. Brown would turn me out of house and home if I didn't do it."

"She must be an awful woman," said the boy, regarding the child with a look of horror. "She ain't your mother, is she?"

"Oh! dear, no—no, indeed—she is not my mother. I don't know who my mother was, nor my father, neither. Mrs. Brown says I must have rained down; for a man found me after it had stormed dreadful all night long. He found me when he went to open that white marble building, over there. I was in a basket on the steps."

"Dear me!" sighed Dick Forest. "Then, you never knew what it was to have a good father and mother. How hard!"

"Yes, I dare say, *'tis* hard; but, then, I get along very well. Mrs. Brown never beats me, only when she is tipsy, and when I don't sell enough apples."

"How much do you make Sundays?"

"About two shillings, I guess."

"Would you *like* to go to Sunday School?"

"Yes, very much, indeed—if I could go; but I've got nothing fit to wear, even if Mrs. Brown would let me go."

"Can you read? Have you got a bible?" questioned the boy.

"No, I can't read; I never saw but one bible, that I know of."

"Well, little girl, I shall talk with you more some other time. Here comes another customer." And away went the boy, with his mind full of a desire to benefit the little apple girl.

Dick Forest was a poor boy, and he knew that alone he could not hope to do much for the little girl, in whose fate he had become so deeply interested; but he was a good boy, and was well known in the Sabbath School to which he belonged. He was so smart and industrious, that he won favor with almost everybody; and as it was known that he was an orphan, and that there was no one this side of the broad ocean to care for him, people had been very kind about helping him along in the world. Several wealthy men and women had taken considerable notice of him; and to one of these persons he now went with his plans for the apple girl.

The good lady to whom he told his story, smiled at his earnestness, and told him she thought he ought to be appointed City Missionary, he was so zealous in the cause of the poor. The woman told him that she would undertake to rescue little Ellen, (for so was the apple girl called,) from her unfortunate position.

The kind Mrs. Lucas was as good as her word; but upon visiting Mrs. Brown, she found that admirable lady very drunkenly bent upon holding Ellen still in her own service. After a good deal of trouble the woman finally consented to allow Ellen to visit Mrs. Lucas on the following day. With the appointed hour appeared poor ragged Ellen. A strange little figure she saw in the mirror, creeping over the rich carpets of Mrs. Lucas's house. Poor, little bare feet, and torn, dirty clothes, illy contrasted with the luxuriance about her now.

Mrs. Lucas was so much interested in the child, that she resolved to leave no means untried to get her away from the evil influences with which she was surrounded.

The present of a golden eagle and the promise of a new dress won over the opposing party; and all claim upon Ellen was given up to Mrs. Lucas. The child was taken to her new home; her rags taken away; and she was washed and clad in whole, neat garments, fitted to her form and suited to her age. When Dick Forest was called to see his transformed protege he could hardly believe his own eyes. When he became fully convinced that it was his little Ellen that stood in such bright and pure beauty before him, he began to caper about the room like an insane boy.

Mrs. Lucas was obliged to sit down and lean back in an easy chair, Dick's conduct caused her to laugh so violently.

"Now she shall go to Sunday School, sure enough," cried Dick. "I shall call for her next Sunday morning."

"My dear," said Mr. Lucas, coming in a few minutes after quiet had been restored, and while Dick and Ellen yet stood side by side rejoicing over the fate of the latter, "my dear, did it ever strike you that those children are remarkably alike?"

"I had not thought of it, Charles; but now that you have spoken of it, I do certainly see that there is a great resemblance. Why, how very strange!"

"The very same profile—the same peculiar smile—the same arch to the eyebrows; and even the same tone to their laugh," said Mr. Lucas, as he attentively examined the two children. "Really, Jane, this can hardly be all accidental."

"They are not alike in complexion," said Mrs. Lucas."

"No; but that is nothing. Dick, how long have your parents been dead?"

"I should think eight years, sir."

"Did they have any child except yourself?"

"Yes, sir. Mother had a little mite of a baby—a girl; but you remember I told you that they both died away from home. I never saw my mother after my father died.—She got crazy and roved off. They told me that she died in the street, and was buried while I was very sick."

"And you say this girl was found in the street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was anything found with you, my child?"

"Only a basket, and an old shawl over me."

"Are these yet in existence?"

"I don't know. Mrs. Brown might know."

"I'll go and see," exclaimed Dick, starting like a shot, and darting out of the house and down the street at full speed.

In about half an hour he came rushing delightedly back; and catching Ellen in his arms, he whirled her round and round the room, kissing her and shouting, "She is my sister! She is my sister! My own dear, dear sister. She is, indeed!"

"But do tell us how you can be so sure of the thing, my boy," said Mr. Lucas, catching Dick by the arm, and forcibly detaining him. "How have you discovered the fact?"

"Oh! I remember the shawl—it was my mother's—I've often seen her with it. It came from England; and I never have seen one like it here. Besides, the place where I tore it, and tried to mend it myself, so mother needn't know what I'd done, is yet there. She found me out and whipped me, and so I never have forgotten how that torn place looked. Oh! Ellen is really my own dear sister."

"I believe it, my boy. You've made out a fair case, even were not her looks enough to justify you in claiming her. How singular that you should have thus been led to befriend your sister. How kind and wonderful are the ways of God."

"Oh! yes, indeed, they are. I hope I shall always love Him better than ever now. How good He *has* been to me—to Ellen. Oh! Ellen, when you learn to read about God you will soon begin to love Him, too."

Ellen, although quite delighted at the turn things had taken, didn't know how to express her feelings, so she said very little.

The work of her education was immediately commenced, and it rapidly progressed, and it was not long before Ellen proved herself to be the possessor of an active and intelligent mind. Thus it chanced that, through the influence of the Sabbath School, which as a means had found in Dick Forest the desire to be constantly doing good to some one, he was led to rescue from poverty and degradation his own and only sister, who was ever after his comfort and delight. She is a woman now, and a happy and honored wife and mother; but never will she forget the day when, from behind her dusty apple stand, she saw that noble-looking lad come bounding towards her, sent by their Heavenly Father to deliver his sister from her bondage, and lift her up to the estate of a happy, well-taught child.

"When their father and mother forsook them, then the Lord took them up."

AMERICAN WINES.

The cultivation of vineyards in the southern sections of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, is becoming so profitable as to excite the deepest interest among the agriculturists of that region. The pure wines which are made from the Muscatel, Catawba, and Isabella grapes, are becoming favorite beverages among many who have heretofore poisoned their systems with the fiery and unwholesome compounds generally known as whiskey, brandy, rum, and gin. A distinguished philanthropist and temperance advocate says that he "has found nothing so destructive of the whiskey bottle as the wine bottle;" and that "when he has only the latter left to contend with, he can easily overcome it." This fact is easily explainable, inasmuch as a relish for pure wine is merely a *taste*, which can easily be regulated, while a fondness for ardent spirits is an unnatural appetite that at last degenerates into a diseased and uncontrollable passion. But we are not certain, notwithstanding the declarations of many wise and good men, that the universal consumption of "pure wine" would lead to universal sobriety. With our present illumination on this point, we can see no *absolute safety* except in total abstinence from fermented liquors; and this rapid increase in the consumption of native wines is, therefore, in our opinion, a matter of grave importance, not only in an economic and pecuniary view, but in a moral one, also. That the cultivation of vineyards will increase, is *positively certain*. The question is, how shall this new development in our agriculture and manufactures be turned to the best moral account?

THE PROPER REMEDY.—We are constantly nearing that "woman's wrongs should be redressed;" but, from samples of female toilets we constantly see in Broadway, we think it is the women themselves who need *re-dressing*.

MANNERS.—In aping the manners of foreign countries, we lose what is best in our own, and only expose ourselves to the ridicule of those we imitate.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THEOLOGICAL STUDENT.—*Holy* is a term of higher import than either *sacred* or *divine*. Whatever is most intimately connected with religion and religious worship, in its purest state, is *holy*; the *sacred* derives its sanction from human institutions, and is connected rather with our moral than our religious duties. The laws are *sacred*, but not *holy*; a man's word should be *sacred* though not *holy*. The *holy* is *set above everything else*; the *sacred* is *opposed to the profane*. *Divine* is a term of less import than *sacred*, and from the looseness of its application it has lost in some respects the dignity of its meaning. We read of *sacred* poems and *divine* hymns. We also say the *Divine Spirit*, in which sense the term is equivalent to *holy*. What is *holy* must be *sacred and divine*; but what is *divine* is not always either *holy* or *sacred*.

ISABELLA G.—The celebrated song, "Eveleen's Bower," (which, by the way is one of the most finished things in the English language) runs as follows:—

O, weep for the hour
When to Eveleen's bower,
The lord of the valley
With false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds
O'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds passed soon
From the chaste, cold moon,
And heaven smiled again
In her vestal flame;
But none shall see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left
On fair Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway
Where the lord of the valley
Passed over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the snow's white tint,
Showed the track of his footsteps
To Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
All trace of the path
Whence the false lord came;
But there's a light above
Which alone can remove
The stain on the snow
Of fair Eveleen's fame.

FREE ACADEMY.—Your teachers should be able and *willing* to answer such questions as you propound. They should be much more familiar with such things than we are. As to the variations in temperature of the climates of places on the same latitude, any work on atmospherical and ærial phenomena will explain all that. The cold and heat of climates depend somewhat upon the physical character and temperature of the atmospheric currents which prevail in different regions and at different altitudes, and also on the vicinage of seas. At Moscow, for example, the thermometer ranges from 6 to 70, but at Copenhagen, in the same latitude, only from 27 to 65; so, at Vienna, it ranges from 26 to 70, but on the French coast, in the same latitude, only from 41 to 67. The medium annual temperature of the whole earth is estimated to be 50 degrees, and the 14th of January, on an average of years, is the coldest day in the year. The thermometer is usually highest at two o'clock in the afternoon, and the lowest just before sun-rise.

THURSTON.—We do not know who, or what nation, invented the bow and arrow. Archers were a formidable part of all ancient armies, and the use of the bow seems to have been known to all nations when first discovered. The Scythians were the best ancient archers, and the English among the modern. The usual range of the long bow was from 3,000 to 4,000 yards; but it is said that Robin Hood and his man little John shot twice that distance. The old ballads say they shot a full north-country mile, which is equal to two statute ones. They could shoot seven arrows in two minutes. The length of the bow was six feet, of the arrow two or three; they were of yew or ash. The Scythian bow was of horn; and many of the English archers' bows were of steel and brass.

AN AFFLICTED WIFE.—We cannot render you any assistance. A husband who will bring an abandoned woman into his own house is beyond the reach of reformation by any earthly power; and if you will not leave him, you must expect the customary beatings and other brutalities. And, in fact, if it be true, as you say it is, that you still *love* such a monster, we think the beatings will ultimately do you good. They are probably intended to open your eyes to the perception of your folly and wickedness. A person who will deliberately, and pertinaciously, and against repeated remonstrances, hug a rattlesnake or a skunk to her bosom, must take the consequences.

ARGOL.—You were wrong to permit yourself to be drawn into a wrangle in the presence of ladies. It is an indication of some degree of weakness when a person does such a thing. To take an extreme case, suppose some one should call you a liar in the presence of ladies, would it require more strength of mind and nobleness of soul to pass it by in silence, or to retort angrily or knock the insulter down? Unquestionably the former. A really great and accomplished man would pass the insult by in silence, while a vain, fussy, weak-headed person would show much indignation and ill-temper about it.

J. B. C.—It was in January, 1785, that the balloon passage from Dover (Eng.) to Calais (France) was made. The names of the daring æronauts were Blanchard and Jeffries. The Brothers Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier were the first persons who sent up balloons. On the 21st of November, 1783, Pilatre de Rosier and the Marquis d'Arlandes took the first human ride into the clouds, at Paris. Some three years after, Rosier and a comrade named Romaine perished in an attempted ærial voyage from Bologne to England. On the 6th of September, 1804, Gay Lussac, the celebrated chemist, ascended at Paris to the height of 23,000 feet.

A CORNISH MINER says that the opinion which seems to be generally entertained in America that the miners of Cornwall live with their wives and children in the mines, *under ground*, and are horribly overworked, is erroneous; that the men never work over eight hours out of the twenty-four, and in deep mines only six, and never work at all on Saturday afternoons; that the women and children seldom go under ground at all, and that the boys never are set at work under ground until they are over ten years of age.

THEODORE.—The highest mountain in the world is Dawalageri, a peak of the Himmalehs, which is 25,669 feet high. Next comes Mount Sorata, a peak of the Andes, which is 25,250 feet high. The mountains of Palestine are not lofty; the highest peak does not reach an elevation of ten thousand feet. Mt. Ararat is 9,500 feet high. The highest peak in the United States is that of Mount St. Elias, which is 17,850 feet high.

AN UNBELIEVER.—Your disbelief is no affair of ours, and we shall make no effort to convert you. The fact is, we look upon a man who boasts of his infidelity as being unworthy of a sensible person's consideration. The best way, is to let them go ahead until they fetch up where such things are no longer matters of speculation but of experience.

HENRY.—William Harrison Ainsworth is not the most popular writer for the masses, in England, by a long way. His works have sold very well in this country, but the sales of other works have been greater.

GULNARE.—The mistake you have made is one common to your sex, namely: The trusting to impulse instead of seeking the guidance of inflexible judgment. You trust too readily to appearances. You have no business to "put confidence" in any man until you have seen his integrity and goodness thoroughly tested. Romantic girls foolishly give their "confidence" to a whisker, a stunning cravat, a head of curly hair, or a diamond ring; and after an interview of half an hour with a total stranger, they will say, "what a *nice* man Mr. Sniddlefritz is. He is *so* genteel. He is *so* agreeable;" while the object of their admiration, perhaps, goes straight from their presence to places which we will not even name in the LEDGER.

A CONSTANT READER says that his wife, when she is the least bit annoyed, and is refused her own way, flies into a passion and hurls at him, or strikes him with, the first missile or weapon she can lay her hand upon, and "sometimes even goes farther than this." Our "Constant Reader" don't know how to manage this virago, whom he dearly loves, notwithstanding her ferocity. We know of but two ways to settle such a difficulty: one method being to *conquer* the Xantippe by any means that may be necessary; and the other, to leave her forever.

J. N. K.—We think it would be an act of great folly for a young man to make it his chief object to accomplish himself for the "profession of politics," as you call it. You would do better to aim at earning an honest living.

H. N. D. says he has found it more convenient to ride on horse-back at the lady's *left* side. We do not take sides on the question, and should be willing to take either side of the lady.

KATE.—Refuse to see him.

E. N. B.—We do not think that the profession of arms is "disgraceful." It is not the best avenue to distinction, however, in this age and country. It is laborious, monotonous, and wearisome, and *poorly paid*. You had much better be a merchant than a soldier. If the latter avocation seems distasteful to you now, you will soon become habituated to it; and should you live to the age of sixty and be successful, you would never cease to be thankful for having chosen the path of peaceful industry.

R. W. B.—Your "Drunkard's Soliloquy" is too long for our columns, nor is it the kind of composition that we prefer. Solomon did not favor the "flogging system," as applied to children by incompetent and brutal parents and teachers. His oft-quoted remark about the "rod" was a figurative expression. Solomon meant that children should be *judiciously* governed and trained up, not that they should be beaten and bruised like dogs.

DORCHESTER.—You was very imprudent in forming such an attachment with a stranger, and especially in doing it in a clandestine manner. No *man* can respect a girl who is so easily won. You had better be exceedingly careful how you renew your acquaintance with "your Adonis," as you call him. Tell your guardian all about it, and let him ascertain what is the young man's true character before you go any further in the business.

A YOUNG MAN.—You must be green and selfish as well as young to demand remuneration of a girl, with whom you are now at variance, for gifts presented her during your courtship. You have not been a regular reader of the LEDGER or you would have learned better than to attempt such a contemptible thing, long since. As matters now stand, the best thing you can do is to drop the whole affair as speedily as possible.

MELLVILLE.—Your wife's idea about paintings and engravings is correct. It is better to have one really good picture in a house than to have it filled with common-place daubs. Familiarity with meritorious works of art improves the tastes of children to a wonderful degree; and, on the contrary, familiarity with poor pictures vitiates the taste to a like extent.

JULIANNA.—Your teacher should not "ridicule" you for liking Moore's poetry. It is almost impossible for a young person who has much fancy and spirituality *not* to like his beautiful creations. As you grow older, your enthusiasm for your (at present) favorite author will doubtlessly diminish, but we hope your heart will never grow too cold to respond in some degree to his most beautiful strains.

A POOR NIECE.—When your aunts chide you, though unjustly, you should not make them sharp or peevish replies, but exhibit the gentlest docility, and evince a sincere desire to do right in all things. By pursuing such a course, you will soon find the temper of your friends, as well as your own, greatly softened and improved.

CHARLES.—A member of our State Legislature gets $3 a-day. A member of Congress has $3,000 a-year, and $8 for every twenty miles he travels in going to and returning from the seat of government—the distance being computed by the shortest mail route. Members of the British Parliament get no pay.

FOREST DREAMER thinks he has been poisoned by some slow and subtle venom similar to the celebrated Aqua Tofani, or the secret poison of the Borgias, and wants us to give him the "true symptoms," and an antidote. Not being versed in the art of secret (or open) poisoning, we shall have to leave "Forest Dreamer" to his fate.

INFORMATION.—No. When a gentleman calls for the express purpose of seeing a particular lady, other ladies should *not* remain in the reception room (it being the only one in the house in which company can be seen) all the evening. They should withdraw as soon as they can do so with courtesy.

AN ILL USED DAUGHTER.—Your father did right to call and take you from the public dancing party which he did not wish you to attend; and your beau should at once have resigned you to your parent's care, with all the courtesy he could exhibit.

WHITE CLOVER.—A young girl should be economical of her kisses, and not squander them upon the undeserving. It may not be *wrong* to give your friends such little delicacies when they ask for them; but a truly delicate and dignified young lady would not be thus prodigal.

DIANA.—If a young lady chooses to ride at a gallop, and leap fences, it is nobody's business—if she rides her own horse. Were the horse a hired one, the owner would have a right to expostulate. As for the open-mouthed gossips, crack your whip in their faces and let your horse show them his heels.

O. B. H.—Where (as you say) a man has no means of judging how a friendly act capable of being misinterpreted as an impudent one would be received, he should be very careful to keep far within the bounds of the strictest courtesy and good-breeding.

NELLIE MONTAGUE.—You gossip charmingly. The owner of such a brilliant mind as yours certainly should not be troubled with "nothing to do." Are there no poor people whose wants you can ameliorate?—whose hearts you can cheer with friendly smiles and kind words?

ST. HELENA.—We do not consider Napoleon immaculate, but we do think he was in every respect better and superior to all his cotemporary sovereigns—which, after all, is saying but very little for him. We are glad he lived, and are not sorry that he died.

JANE EYRE.—A letter addressed to Fanny Fern, care of the editor of the LEDGER, would be pretty certain to reach her. We do not give the residences of our contributors to strangers, inasmuch as literary people's time is too precious to be frittered away by promiscuous visitors.

ADELAIDE.—Patience! patience! you vehement child. All the opposition and troubles of which you complain so bitterly, may be "a hedge of thorns" mercifully thrown around you to defend you from a great and impending calamity.

JUSTINA.—Your case is not such a very hard one as you seem to think; nor are you the only damsel whose mother objects to a lover because he is poor. Behave discreetly and conciliate your mother, and let your lover do the same.

J.—You should give your wife money to pay for a daguerreotype of her babe, if she wants it. It is natural for a mother to desire such a thing; and a husband who has money, and refuses to gratify her, is a brute.

ANDREW W.—The risks of "starting a new paper in this city" are manifold. Without an immense capital, and much skill and industry, you would stand no chance of succeeding.

MECHANIC.—It makes but little difference what State or village you "finally settle down in." It depends more on the *man* than on the *place* whether the former thrive or not.

ALEXANDER.—We know of no way by which you can triumph over your rival except by rendering yourself more fascinating than he is.

ROBERT F——D complains that his wife is addicted to the vulgarism of calling him a "brute." Let him not be too petulent about the matter, for he is not alone. The epithet "brute" is very popular with certain classes of ladies, and it is used on the most trivial occasions by both old and young. "Men are such brutes!" is a sentiment frequently enunciated by ladies who, in other respects, cannot be charged with the slightest breach of etiquette or decorum. May we venture to suggest to the sex that the word is so repulsive and so often misapplied, that, when out of temper, a milder expression would be more suitable and becoming. An ass is a brute, and a very useful one, too, and it might be a little more correct and elegant to say "Men are such asses!" The only objection we know to the use of the term is a powerful one, because very few women would like to confess that, like Titania, they loved an ass. But then there is a wide field to supply the offended tongue with an expression of anger or contempt. The whole animal creation might be enlisted to furnish similes according to the temper and character of the man assailed. One may be a lion, another a tiger, or an ox, or an ass, or a hog. The large family of dogs supply such expressive epithets as—cur, whelp, mongrel. Any of these would be better than the revolting expletive to which our correspondent justly objects, and which ought only to be used to denote disgust and horror; whereas, as everybody knows, ladies, when they use it, only intend it as playful satire, or facetious spite, and it is generally levelled at the two dearest objects on earth to a woman—a lover or a husband.

A NEW YORK LADY writes us, in astonishment and indignation, that on attending the recent public examination of a certain school in this city, the two young ladies who received the first and second prizes for excellence in English composition plagiarized their articles from the columns of the New York LEDGER; the "composition" which took the *first* prize being "The Mother's Death-bed," by Fanny Fern; "The House without a Baby," by the same authoress, taking the *second* prize. Our correspondent further says, that others beside herself recognized the pieces as from the LEDGER, although they were published several months ago, and spoke of the impudent plagiarism with astonishment and indignation equal to her own. *We* are not at all surprised at this revelation. That dishonest scholars plagiarize "prize compositions" has been a fact ever since prizes for compositions have been offered; and it is equally true that school teachers have been easily imposed upon in this respect. Our only wonder is, that the "committee" should have had the intelligence and good taste to award the prizes so justly. And we will take this occasion to say that we are much pleased to learn that "The House without a Baby" carried off a prize, inasmuch as that article is a very great favorite of our own. We predicted its popularity before we printed it. It has since been copied extensively, not only in this country, but in Europe also; and now that it has received a "prize" at a public school exhibition, we consider our original judgment of its merits amply confirmed.

A. T. E.—Eulogies of the present time, and flattering anticipations of the one that is coming, are now so common, that they appear to have swallowed up all serious consideration for what is really transpiring around us; as if it were entirely forgotten that the forces now at work will hereafter be referred to as the causes of events vitally affecting the best interests of mankind. In the midst of the most fulsome panegyrics of the importance and value of the present time, there prevails a dangerous lethargy and careless indifference to a good and noble future. We oppose ourselves to this prevalent feeling, and desire that, while we think hopefully of the future, we, at the same time, should pay marked attention to the present. Your essay is elegantly written, but its leading sentiment renders it inadmissible.

A. E. D. says his sister, in a frolicksome moment, gave a coxcomb a written promise of marriage. Several other young people were present, and the affair was laughed at as a capital joke. Can the fellow, as she is on the point of marriage with a gentleman whom she loves, sustain an action for breach of promise? She need not labor under any alarm, for the plaintiff who would have the audacity to bring such a cause into a court of justice would be scouted out of it as a fool and impostor. We must, however, charge the young lady with some blame, if not indelicacy, in the matter; for the transaction, although very innocent as far as intention was concerned, was a very violent bit of flirting, and, as such, deserved some degree of punishment.

G. A. F.—Unless you can control your passions, the sooner you quit the medical profession the better. Temptation, we know, is very powerful; even the good St. Anthony could not resist the witchery of a pair of laughing black eyes, but a man of rectitude is capable of resisting the longings of an impure heart, and can so train himself, however impetuous his temperament may be, as to be able to walk through life as becomes a man and a Christian. When in the throes of your distemper think, upon all occasions attempt to impart vigor to the tone of your mind, and depend upon it you will gradually become more cool and collected in your deportment.

EMILY.—The lines you send us:

"Now upon Syria's land of roses,
Softly the light of eve reposes;
And like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers
And whitens in eternal sleet,
White summer in a vale of flowers
Is sleeping rosy at his feet—"

are from "Paradise and the Peri," one of the books of Moore's Lala Rookh.

H. B. J.—To lose the teeth is certainly a misfortune, but far from being a deplorable one. Let your friend reflect and console himself with the assurance that he has lost nothing more valuable. The ladies will not despise him on that account; for, poor-things, they are all sympathy, and would not trample on a worm if they could help it. All that your friend has to do is to be candid, and sail into the harbor of matrimony with his own colors flying. It is the deception that will offend, not the defect. He must make a clean breast of it, and trust to the good sense of the girl to whom he is attached.

A. S. P.—Five years is certainly a long courtship; and, after repeated promises of marriage, it is quite time that the affair was brought to a conclusion. But perhaps the lover's circumstances are not such as would justify him in taking a wife. Many men are honest even to fastidiousness on this score, and probably this procrastinative gentleman is among the number. If so, applaud him for his integrity, and show him clearly that a wife is a help rather than an incumbrance to a man who wishes to do well.

H. MURRAY.—Have nothing more to do with the young woman. If she abandoned you for the sake of the equivocal attentions of one of her employers, we question very much whether she would be worth the trouble of winning back again. Should you marry her, the recollection of her want of heart and indiscretion would embitter your conjugal existence. A woman, to be loved, should be too superior to sordid coquetry to be thought capable of sacrificing a poor lover for the miserable chance of obtaining a rich one.

THOMAS.—Of the trades mentioned, we think that of cooper the best; for as long as ale, wine, and spirits, are drunk, goods, soft and dry, imported and exported, butts, puncheons, hogsheads, casks, and barrels, will be in demand; and who supplies these useful articles but the cooper? In addition, to enable you to start in that business, after your time had expired, you would find your little capital sufficient in "a small way," as it is termed.

J. MARSHALL.—Loss of memory is produced by many causes, chiefly decay of the physical powers; but where the frame is robust and the mind clear, the faculty may be strengthened by a judicious course of reading. The frequent practice of phonography is beneficial. When in church take notes of the sermon, and write them fully out as well as you can afterwards. When the notes fail, the memory will supply what is wanting and complete the context.

JAMES M.—Buckle on your armor, and boldly enter the field with your rival. Affairs of the heart are as uncertain as the wind, and no woman is really engaged until she is married. But don't you think it rather dishonorable to wish to supplant a man in the affections of a girl with whom you never exchanged a syllable?

GAINSBRO'.—We could not conscientiously recommend any one of the hair dyes at present in vogue. Those which are the most efficacious are dangerous. Our attention has long been directed to the subject, and we will shortly endeavor to bestow upon it some considerable portion of our space.

J. L. B.—The annual gold crop of the world is estimated at 467,000 pounds; the annual silver crop is 2,964,500 pounds; the iron crop 4,950,000 tons. The gold crop is worth over $50,000,000; the silver crop nearly $60,000,000; the iron crop nearly $300,000,000.

AN AFFLICTED LAD.—We are not personally acquainted with the medical gentleman in question, and therefore can know nothing of his professional talent. We should advise you to apply for advice and relief at one of the public hospitals.

YOUNG AMERICA.—It was a wise resolution you made not to spend any more money for liquor, and to devote your evenings to reading.

ENDORSER.—If you were not duly notified of the non-payment of the note by the maker, you are released, by law from your liability.

HORACE.—We cannot say what "is the most suitable exercise for a person whose business allows him but an hour's recreation daily," unless we know what his business is.

G. B. L.—If a gentleman wishes to correspond with a lady he should ask permission of her to do so. *She*, of course, would not ask him.

DULCINEA.—Accept the presents if your mother advises you to do so; otherwise, decline them.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We know of no list of the asylums for the insane, the deaf and dumb, &c., in the United States.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*